THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

A YEAR AGO.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ANNA L. G——.

It is summer again, my darling,
Our tree is all in bloom
With a wealth of snowy blossoms,
And faint with their sweet perfume;
I lie again in its shadow—
And the clouds drift to and fro
In the deep blue heaven above me,
As they did a year ago!

The robin has builded its nest again,
And twitters all day long,
The same low chirp of thankfulness,
The same wild bursts of song;
The bough he has chosen is highest,
And the blossoms thicker grow,
But the bird and his song are just the same
That they were a year ago!

In the hush of the summer noontide
I can hear the same faint hum,
And the silvery rustle of tiny wings,
As the humming-birds go and come;
And over in yonder meadow
The cowslips are in blow,
And their cups are just as golden
As they were a year ago!

It is all unchanged—not a shadow
Has faded from the grass,
Not even an echo grown fainter
As the wandering footsteps pass;
The sunshine floods the meadows
With just as bright a glow,
But my heart feels not the glory,
As it did a year ago!

Blind to the summer's beauty,
Deaf to each joyous sound,
I see but the wild commotion
Of a southern battle-ground;
With the song of the robin mingles
The bay of the cannon's throat,
And between my eyes and the sunshine
The smoke-wreaths seem to float!

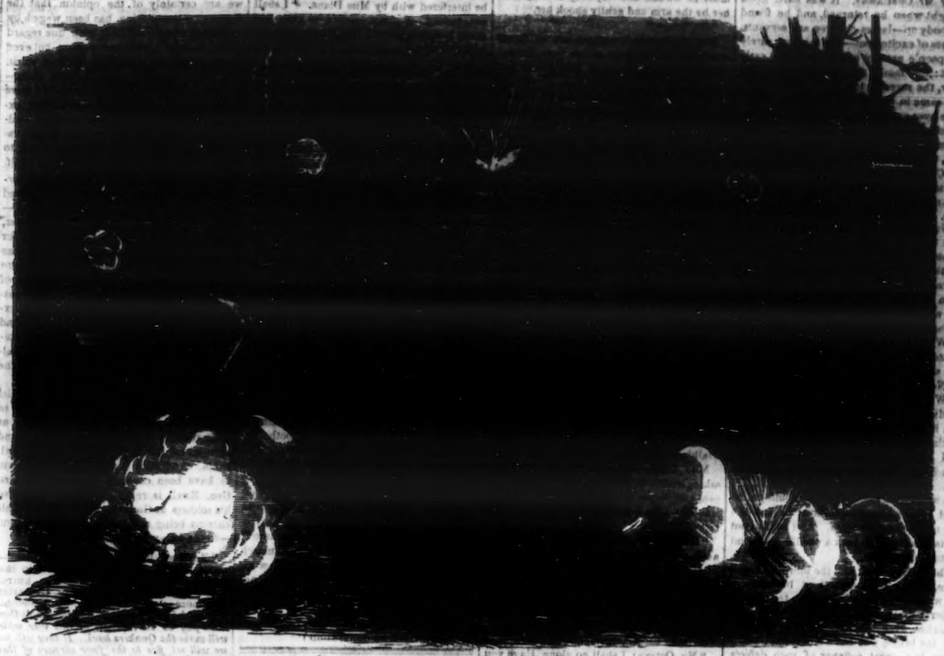
As the south wind sways the tree-tops
With a far-off murmuring noise,
I hear the dying calling
Of a dear, familiar voice;
And the dew damp clover blossoms
That round my fingers twine,
Are the clinging of blood wet ringlets,
Or a dead hand clasping mine!

"Oh, God, if you *should* be lying
Mid the battle's sulph'rous heat!
Oh, God, if you *should* be dying
'Neath the flying horses' feet!"
My eyes grow hot and tearless,
My heart throbs fierce and strong,
As I question Heaven above me,
"How long, oh Lord, how long?"

"I have kept a patient vigil,
But my heart grows faint and weak;
Be merciful, oh, Father"—
I pause with a stifled shriek,
For lo! on the grass beside me
I see a shadow cast,
And two strong arms are round me,
And kisses shower fast!

On cheek, and lips, and forehead
They fall like blessed rain,
With tenderest words of greeting
Breathed o'er and o'er again;
And a sudden rapture thrills me,
For, oh, thank God, I know
The same eyes smile upon me
That smiled a year ago!

☞ Every increase of knowledge may possibly render depravity more depraved, as well as it may increase the strength of virtue. It is in itself only power; and its value depends on its application.



GENERAL MEADE'S HEADQUARTERS DURING THE BATTLE AT GETTYSBURG.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST from the N. Y. Illustrated News, represents the little farm-house on the Emmettsburg road which Gen. Meade occupied as his headquarters during the most frightful part of the cannonade at the battle of Gettysburg. "It is already known," says a correspondent of the Herald, "how Gen. Lee masked his artillery and opened with one hundred and thirty pieces at the same moment. Two shells in every second of time fell around those headquarters. The shells tore through the little white building, exploding and scattering their fragments in every direction. Not a spot anywhere was safe. One shell through the doorstep, another in the chimney, a third shattering a rafter, a fourth cutting off the legs of a chair in which a staff officer was seated; others severed and splintered the posts in front of the house, howled through the trees with which the dwelling was surrounded, and raised deep furrows of the soft earth. At the fence in front of the building the horses of aids and orderlies were standing. A dozen of the frightened animals fell by the rebel projectiles, and others broke away and fled in the wildest fright towards the rear. One staff officer, and another and another were wounded. Strange to say, amid all this iron hail no one of the staff was killed. Every man stared death full in the face, and had little prospect of escaping unhurt. Rarely in the history of the war has there been a scene to equal this."

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XLVI.

A NIGHT ENCOUNTER.

You will scarcely believe that the evening was far advanced before the examination was over, but it was so. The hearing had been in itself a protracted one; but the chief loss of time had occurred in the looking after Jim Sanders. When Mr. Dumps reappeared in Barmester with his prisoner (as may be said of Jim's mother,) he found that the magistrates had called on another case; and the afternoon was getting late before that was concluded and Rupert Trevlyn's resumed.

The first to press up to Rupert Trevlyn with the regaining of his liberty, was George Ryle. George held a very decided opinion upon the unhappy case; but he strove to bury it five fathom deep in his heart, and he hated Mr. Chattaway for the inflicted horse-whipping. Holding his arm out to Rupert, he led him towards the egress; but the sea of faces, of friendly voices, of shaking hands was great, and somehow he and Rupert got separated.

"It is a new lease of life for me, George," whispered a soft, sweet voice in his ear, and he turned to behold the bright cheeks of Mrs. Chattaway. Bright with thanksgiving, with unqualified happiness.

Unqualified? Ah, if she could but have looked into the future, as George did in his apprehensive forethought! Jim Sanders would probably not remain absent for ever. But he suffered his face to become radiant as Mrs. Chattaway's, as he stayed to talk with her.

"Yes, dear Mrs. Chattaway, was it not a shout? I will drive Rupert home. I have my gig here. Treve shall walk. I wonder—I have been wondering whether it would not be better for all parties if Rupert came and stayed a week with Treve at the farm? It might give time for the unpleasantness to blow over between him and Mr. Chattaway."

"How good you are, George! If it only might be! I'll speak to Diana."

She began to work her way through the crowd to Miss Diana Trevlyn. George looked round for Rupert, and saw him with Mr. Peterby, the latter speaking to him in a whisper with a grave and anxious face. At that moment, somebody took possession of George.

It was Mr. Wall, the linen-draper. He had been in court all the while, his sympathies entirely with the prisoner, in spite of his early friendship with the master of Trevlyn Hold. Ever since that one month passed at Mr. Wall's house, which George at the time thought the blackest month that could have fallen to the lot of mortal, Mr. Wall and George had been great friends.

"This has been a nasty business, George," he said in an under tone. "Where is Jim Sanders?"

George disclaimed, and with truth, all knowledge on the point. Mr. Wall resumed:

"I guess how it was; an outbreak of the Trevlyn temper. Chattaway was a fool to provoke it. Cruel, too. He had no more right to take a whip to Rupert Trevlyn than I have to take one to my head shopman. Were the ricks insured?"

"No. There's the smart with Chattaway. He never would insure his ricks; never has insured them. It is said—I don't know with what truth—that Miss Diana has often told him he deserved to have his ricks take fire for being penny wise and pound foolish."

"How many were burnt?"

"Two. It is a smart loss."

"Ay. One he won't relish. Rupert is not *secure*, you know," continued Mr. Wall in a spirit of friendly warning. "He can be taken up again."

"I am aware of that. And this time I think it will be very difficult to lay the spirit of anger in Mr. Chattaway. Good-evening. I am going to drive Rupert home. Where's he got to?"

George had cause to reiterate the words "Where's he got to?" for he could not see him anywhere. Near, distant, close, far, his eyes roved in vain in search of Rupert. Mr. Peterby, as he could see, was alone now. Outside he, George, came across Chattaway.

"Have you seen Rupert, Mr. Chattaway?"

"No," said Mr. Chattaway, in an unusually low, quiet tone.

George went hunting for him everywhere. He inquired of everybody, friend and stranger, if they had seen Rupert, but all in vain; he could not meet him or hear of him. At last he gave up the search and started for home, Treve in the place in his gig which he had offered to Rupert.

Where was Rupert? Rupert, in a state of mind not to be described, had slunk away in the dusky night from the mask of faces, the minute he was released by Mr. Peterby, and made the best of his way out of Barmester, taking the field way towards the Hold. He felt in a turmoil of guilt and shame. The standing there a prisoner, the consciousness of guilt upon him—for he knew that he did fire the rick—was as the very keenest agony. When his passion of the previous night cooled down, it was replaced by an awful sense—and the word "awful," is not misplaced—of the enormity of his act. It was a positive fact that he could not remember the details of that evil moment; but an innate conviction was upon him that he did thrust the burning brand into the rick to fire it, and so be revenged on Mr. Chattaway. He turned aghast as he thought of it; in his sober senses he would be one of the last to commit so great a wickedness—would shudder at the bare thought. Not only was the weight of the guilt upon his mind, but a dread of the consequences. Rupert was no hero, and the horror of the *punishment* that might follow was working havoc in his brain. If he had escaped it for this day, he knew enough of our laws to be aware that he might not escape it another—and that Mr. Chattaway would be implacable. The disgrace of a trial, the physical pain of a transport's hard life, the brand of felon—all might be his. Perhaps it was fear as much as shame which took Rupert alone out of Barmester.

He knew not where to go. He reached the neighborhood of the Hold, and wandered about in the moonlight, sick with hunger, weary with walking. He began to wish he had come home with George Ryle; and he wished he could see George Ryle then, and ask his advice. To the Hold, to face Chattaway, he dared not yet go; nay, with that consciousness of guilt upon him, he shrunk from facing his kind Aunt Edith, his sister Maude, his Aunt Diana. A sudden thought flashed into his mind—and for the moment it seemed like an inspiration—that he would go after Mr. Daw, and beg a shelter with him.

But to get to Mr. Daw, who lived in some unknown region of the Pyrenees, and had, no doubt, crossed the Channel on his journey, would take money, and time, and strength. As the *practical* views of the idea came up before him one by one, he abandoned it in utter despair. Where should he go, and what should he do? He sat down on the stile forming the entrance to a small grove of trees, through which a near road led to Barbrook; in fact, it was at the end of that very field where Mr. Apperley had seen him the previous evening careering like a wild animal. Some subtle instinct of remembrance, perhaps, took his wandering steps to it. As he leaned against the stile, he became conscious of the advance of some one along the narrow path leading from Barbrook—a woman, by her petticoats.

It was a lovely night, the moon very bright. The previous night had been dull, thick, but on this one the moon shone in all her splendor. Rupert did not fear a woman, least of all the one approaching, for he saw it was Ann Canham. She had been at work at the parsonage. Mrs. Freeman, taking advantage of the departure of their guest, had instituted the autumn half-yearly cleaning, delayed on his account, and Ann Canham had been there to-day, helping Molly, and was to go also on the morrow. A few tears of joy dropped from her eyes when she saw him.

"The parson's already home with the good news, sir. But why ever do you sit here, Master Rupert?"

"Because I feel ashamed to go any further, Ann Canham," he answered, in a voice of deep despair. "Don't name the Hold, or speak of it to me. I want to go—Chattaway, maybe, is hovering near again, you know, Ann Canham."

The blind misery with which he spoke brought pain to her.

"Where shall you go, sir?"

"I don't know. Lie down under some tree till morning. I am certainly hungry."

Ann Canham opened a basket which she carried, and took out a small loaf, or cake, wrapping some paper under it she offered it to Rupert, entreating humbly.

"Molly has been baking to-day, sir, and the maids, she give me this little loaf for my dinner. Please to accept of it, sir."

Rupert's hunger overcame him, but hunger was strong within him. He took a knife into his pocket, cut it in two, and gave one half back to Ann Canham.

"This Monk I had the other, Ann. He won't begrudge it to me. And now you go on home. It's of no use your stopping here."

She shut her basket, and made as if she would depart, but hesitated.

"Master Rupert, I don't like to leave you here, so friendless. Won't you come to the lodge, sir, and shelter there for the night?"

"No, that I won't," he answered. "Thank you, Ann Canham; but I am not going to get you and Mark into trouble, as I have got myself."

She sighed as she finally went away. Whom would this unhappy trouble, touching Rupert, be over? Over?

Perhaps Rupert was thinking the same. He ate the bread and sat on the stile afterwards, ruminating. He was terribly bitter against Chattaway; he felt that but for his wicked conduct he should not now be the outcast he was. All the wrongs of his life rose up before him. The Hold that ought to be his, the rank he was deprived of, the wretched humiliations that were his daily portion. They assumed quite an exaggerated extent to his mind; he worked himself into—not into the passion of the previous night, but into an angry, defiant temper, and he wished he could meet Chattaway, face to face, and return the blows which were yet stiff upon him.

With a cry that almost burst from his lips in terror, with a feeling verging on the supernatural, he suddenly saw Chattaway before him, face to face. Rupert recovered himself, and though his heart beat pretty fast, he kept his seat on the stile in his defiant humor.

And Mr. Chattaway? Every drop of blood in that gentleman's body had bubbled up with the unjust leniency shown by the magistrates, and had remained since at boiling heat. Never, never had his feelings been so excited against Rupert as they were on this night. As he came along he was plotting with himself how Rupert could be recaptured on the morrow—on what pretext he could apply for a warrant against him. That miserable, detested Rupert! He made his life a terror through that latent dread, he was a burthen on his pocket, he brought him into disfavor with the neighborhood, he treated him with cavalier insolence, and now he had set his ricks on fire. And—there he was! There! before him in the moonlight. Mr. Chattaway bounded forward and seized him by the shoulder.

A struggle ensued. Blows were given on either side. But Mr. Chattaway was the strongest: he flung Rupert to the ground, and a dull, heavy sound went forth on the still night air.

Did the sound come from Rupert, or from Mr. Chattaway? No; Rupert was lying motionless, and Mr. Chattaway knew that he had made no noise himself. He looked up in the trees; but it had not been shrill enough for a night-bird. A rustling caught his ear, at the back of the narrow grove, and Mr. Chattaway bounded towards it. He was just in time to see a pair of male legs emerge from the grove, and fly over the ground in the direction of Barbrook.

Who was it that had been a witness to the scene?

CHAPTER XLVII.

NEWS FOR TREVLYN HOLD.

The hour was growing late. George Ryle began to say that he could wait no longer, either for Rupert or for Mr. Chattaway. It was getting on for eleven, and neither of them had come in. On George's return home from Barmester subsequent to the examination, he spoke to Mrs. Ryle of the invitation he wished to give Rupert for a few days, just to let the first brunt of the

[illegible] Mr. and Mrs. Chattaway [illegible] Dinna had driven home from Burmester, they were met with curious faces, eager questions, for the result of the day's proceedings had not yet reached the Hold. It added to the terrible mortification already gnawing the heart of Mr. Chattaway, to have to confess that Rupert was discharged. He had been no outspoken that morning, before his children and household, of the certain punishment in store for Rupert:—the committal for trial.

And the mortification was destined to be increased on another score. While they were seated at refreshment—a sort of tea-dinner—Cris came in from Blackstone with some news. The government inspectors had been there that day, and had chosen to put themselves out on account of the absence of Mr. Chattaway, whom they had reason to expect would be at the office.

"They mean mischief, I am sure," observed Cris. "How far can they interfere?" he asked, turning to his father. "Can they force you to go to the expense they hint at?"

Mr. Chattaway really did not know. He sat looking surly and gloomy, buried in ruminations, and by and by he rose and left the room. Soon after this George Ryle entered. He mentioned the object of his coming, and Mrs. Chattaway eagerly caught at it as some great relief: no one but herself knew how she was dreading the meeting between her husband and Rupert. But Miss Diana, contrary to her usual custom of independent action, would not take upon herself to give consent: the matter must be referred, she said, to Mr. Chattaway.

So George waited: waited and waited. It was a most uncomfortable evening. Mrs. Chattaway was palpably nervous and anxious, and Maude, who sat apart, as if conscious that Rupert's fault in some degree reflected upon her, his sister, was as white as a sheet. It was nearly eleven when George rose to leave. Rupert, it must be supposed, had taken shelter somewhere for the night, and Mr. Chattaway did not appear to be in a hurry to come in. None of them had any idea where Mr. Chattaway was gone: when he left the room, they had only supposed him to be going to the out-buildings.

The whole flood of bright moonlight came flashing on George Ryle, as he stood for a moment at the door of Treviyn Hold. He lifted his face to it, thinking how beautiful it was, when the door was softly pulled open behind him, and Maude came out, pale and shivering.

"Forgive my following you, George," she whispered, in a pleading, deprecating tone. "I could not ask you before them, but I am ill with the suspense. Tell me, is the danger over for Rupert?"

George took her hands in his. He looked down with grave pity, with tender fondness, upon the unhappy girl; but he hesitated in his answer.

"It may be better—it may be necessary—that I should know the worst," she urged. "Otherwise I would not ask you. Upon any trifle of fresh evidence Mr. Chattaway can cause Rupert to be taken up again—is it not so? Were Jim Sanders to come forward and swear to the truth of what Bridget asserts that he said, Mr. Chattaway could have Rupert arrested a second time. Tell me, George, is it not so?"

"I fear it is," he answered.

She sighed heavily, bending her head down on George's hand, as it held both of hers, and there came up to him a half-breathed whisper of pain.

"Do you believe he did it?"

"Maude, my darling, I do believe he did it; you ask me for the truth, and I will not give you aught else. But I believe that he must have been in a state of madness, unconscious of his actions."

"What can be done?" she gasped.

"Nothing in the world, save to endeavor to conciliate Mr. Chattaway. If he can be appeased, the danger will pass away."

"He never will!" she uttered in her distress. "He will think of the value of the right, and the money lost to him. George, if it comes to the worst—if they try Rupert, I shall die."

"Hush, my dear, hush! Try and look on the bright side of things, Maude; your grieving now cannot benefit Rupert, and will harm you. Nothing shall be left undone on my part to serve Rupert. I wish I had more influence with Mr. Chattaway."

"No one has any influence with him, no one in the world; unless it is my Aunt Diana."

"She has—and I can talk to her as I could not to Chattaway. I intend to see her privately in the morning. My child, how you shiver!"

"I ain't help it," plended Maude, half-[illegible] wish I knew where Rupert is [illegible]—where he has gone to-night."

"He has taken shelter somewhere. It is [illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Chattaway, as he stood at the window.

"What do you say, Hatch?" sharply demanded Miss Diana, thinking what a simpleton the man was to listen to or repeat such tales.

"They be saying that Mr. Rupert's dead," squeakily repeated Hatch; "that he was killed down in the little grove last night, as you go through the fields to Barbrook. I didn't like to tell the squire on't, 'cause they be saying that if he be killed, happen it be the squire that have killed him."

Had Mrs. Chattaway turned to stone? With eyes dilating and blanched face, she stood like a statue. Miss Diana, feeling it must be owned not very rosy herself, took her by the arm and gently shook her.

"Oh, Diana!"

Mrs. Chattaway's wailing cry of terror was echoed in different words from the unhappy young ladies, and Miss Diana had some difficulty in calming them.

"You are a fool, Hatch!" she angrily exclaimed. "How dare you repeat anything so infamous?"

"Hatch," cried Octave, placing himself before the man, "if my brother were here he would knock you down. Do you see that you have frightened mamma? that Miss Maude is shaking so that she can't speak? Take you care that the squire does not discharge you for this."

"I am sorry I said it, sairs," returned Hatch. "It is what they be saying in the sheep-pen. Happen it might be the master did it, they said. It ain't obliged to be him any the more for that, Miss Octave."

"Octave, be quiet," interposed the ruling voice of Miss Diana. "Girls, be still. Now, Hatch, what is it that you have heard about Mr. Rupert?"

"That he was killed last night, Miss Diana. They said it in the sheep-pen."

"*Who* said it?" she asked.

Hatch turned his hat round in consideration.

"I don't rightly call to mind. They was a-talking of it together."

Miss Diana might have wasted time in asking which of the men were in the sheep-pen, and other heedless questions; but she was not a dreamer, like Mrs. Chattaway: rather a worker.

"Remain here, all of you," she said, in an authoritative tone. "Edith, keep them with you. I will soon inquire into this absurd mistake."

Mrs. Chattaway had sunk on her chair then, and Maude's face was hidden on her lap. Octave was following Miss Diana. The latter turned, and spoke in a whisper—

"No, Octave; I shall go alone. Have you not the sense to see that it is best that I should do so?"

She went straight off to the sheep-pen, and Hatch followed her. But it was empty now. The men had dispersed to their several occupations, and Miss Diana did not know where to look for them.

"Hatch," she said, turning to the man as a last resource, "tell me exactly what you heard the men say, and who said it."

Hatch could not have told exactly, had it been to save his life. He thought that not one of the men had asserted it as a fact, but as hearsay. And the remark, connecting Mr. Chattaway with it, was entirely a gratuitous one. Miss Diana looked around her, wondering where she could go for further information. She desired that, and yet she did not like to ask too openly for it, to make any stir about it: from the first moment that Hatch had spoken, there had been rising up before her like an ugly picture, like a dream to be shunned, the scratched and bruised face of Mr. Chattaway.

Cris came out of the stables, and she made a sign to him. He advanced to meet her.

"Where is your father, Cris?" she asked.

"Off to Barbrook," returned Cris. "Sam wasn't long getting his horse ready, was he? He is gone to order Bowen to look after Mr. Jim Sanders."

"Cris, have you heard this report about Rupert?" she resumed, the hushed tone of her voice imparting to Cris's ear a vague sense of something unpleasant.

"I have not heard any report about him," returned Cris. "What is the report? That he's dead?"

"Yes, Cris; that he is dead."

Cris had spoken in a half-jesting, half-sneering tone; but his face changed at the answer, puzzled consternation pervading its every feature.

"What on earth do you mean, Aunt Diana? Rupert—"

"Good-morning, Miss Diana."

They turned to behold George Ryle. He had come up thus early to know if they had news of Rupert. The scared expression of their faces struck him that something was amiss.

"You have bad news, I see. What is it?"

Miss Diana rapidly turned over a question in her mind. Should she mention this report to George? Yes: he was thoroughly trustworthy; and he might be of use.

Hatch came in a few minutes ago, and frightened us very greatly," she said. "I was just telling Cris of it. The man says there's a report going about that Rupert is —is—"she scarcely liked to bring it out in all its nakedness—"is dead."

"What?" uttered George.

"That he has been killed," continued Miss Diana. "George, I want to get at the truth of it."

He could not rejoin just at first. News, such as this, takes time in the receiving—Mr. could only look at them alternately, his heart, for Rupert's sake, beating fast. Miss Diana repeated what Hatch had said.

"George," she concluded, "I cannot go looking after these men, examining into the truth or falsehood of the report, but you might."

He started impulsively away, ere she had well done speaking; he found Hatch, ascertained which of the men had been in the sheep-pen talking, and then hastened over the field. Cris was following him, but Miss Diana caught him by the arm.

"Not you, Cris; stop where you are."

"Stop where I am!" returned Cris indignantly, who had a very great objection to be interfered with by Miss Diana. "I shall not, indeed. I don't pretend to have had much love for Rupert, but I'm sure I shall look after it if there's such a report as that about. He must have killed himself, if he is dead."

But Miss Diana kept her hand upon him.

"Cris, remain where you are, I say.—They are connecting your father's name with it in a manner I do not understand, and it will be better that you should be still until we know more."

She went on to the house as she spoke.—Cris stared after her in blank dismay, wondering what could be the meaning of the words she had spoken, yet sufficiently discomposed by them to give up for once his own will, and remain quiet, as she had said.

Meanwhile Mr. Chattaway, unconscious of the commotion at the Hold, was galloping towards Barbrook. He reined in at the police-station, and Bowen came out to him.

"I know what you have come about, Mr. Chattaway," cried out the man, before that gentleman could speak. "It's to tell us that Jim Sanders has turned up. We know all about it, and Dumps is gone after him.—Hang the boy! giving us all this bother."

"I'll have him punished, Bowen."

"Well, sir, it's to know whether he won't get enough punishment as it is. His going off looks uncommonly suspicious—as I said yesterday. As if he had had a finger in the pie."

"Is Dumps going to bring him on here?"

"Right away, as fast as he can march him. Impudent monkey! going to his work at his master's this morning, just as if nothing had happened! Dumps 'll be on to him. They won't be long, sir."

"Then I'll wait," decided Mr. Chattaway.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1863.

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We trust therefore that all our subscribers who are in arrears will forward their subscriptions at once, and if they procure for us an additional subscriber or two, we shall esteem it as a favor.

SOUTHERN FEELING.

We should be sorry to believe that the general tone of the Richmond and Charleston press, in speaking of the Northern states, fairly represented the common and permanent feeling of the great majority of the Southern people. We should be sorry to believe it, for two reasons. First, because no corresponding depth of apparent hatred exists in the minds of our own people, and therefore it is unwarranted. Secondly, because as it seems the purpose of Providence that we shall live together as one great nation, its only effect would be to render those uncomfortable and unhappy whom the Creator has evidently designed should live peacefully and prosperously together.

That our Northern troops in their marches through the South have been generally free from the charge of outrage and violence with the rules of civilized warfare, we have no doubt. In truth it is the most impossible to prevent more or less barbarous from attending the march of an army, even in its own country—as the complaints from southern Pennsylvania of the conduct of one of the Union regiments would seem to prove. Then again, there have been instances, such as Col. Monigomery's burnings of private dwellings in South Carolina and Georgia, which probably have had their origin in a peculiar animosity of the officers in question, and which there is little doubt have been already rebuked by the higher authorities.

Acknowledging such instances, however, we are certainly of the opinion that the war, as a general thing, has been waged by the Union forces, not only with due regard to the customs of civilized warfare, but even in an unusually mild and merciful spirit. We have taken many towns and cities—but we have harmed few of them. We have not even put them under contribution, except where we have made wealthy and leading rebels contribute to prevent the starvation of their own fellow citizens, reduced to want by the workings of the rebellion itself.

Understand us. We do not say that certain districts of the South have not suffered severely from the presence of our armies—they also have suffered, for that matter, from the presence of the rebel armies; for all armies are like clouds of locusts, in some respects—but we do mean to say that there has been no general design on the part of the Union forces to injure, ruin and devastate the southern country, and burn or extort money from the southern towns and cities. The general design of our commanders has been to put down the rebellion with as little injury as possible to the southern country and people.

We defy any one to find in the influential journals of the North, such invocations to general destruction and universal pillage, as have recently appeared in the Richmond journals relative to the invasion of Pennsylvania. And such invocations do not seem to have been confined to the newspapers. Gen. Ewell is reported to have addressed his soldiers at Gettysburg—two respectable citizens being authorities for the statement—to the following effect:—

"Boys, we have a small job on hand—about a half day's work, to whip that drunken Hooker's army. Then, hurrah boys! we will take Harrisburg, Lancaster, Baltimore and Washington. Philadelphia will be our head quarters, *and the people there must pay us the expenses of this war, which will make the Quakers howl. If they will not, we will set fire to the four corners of their city and burn it to ashes.*"

And that this was the intention of the rebel leaders, may be inferred from the fact that they did put York and other towns in this state under requisition—a thing which our armies have never done.

The *Richmond Enquirer*, the chief organ of the dominant party in the South, in commenting upon the recent riot in the city of New York, seems delighted with the prospect of what it terms an "inevitable revolution," which is to leave the Northern half of the old Union "*a desert of blood-soaked ashes.*" It says the news (of the riot) is "cheering" to them, "because it portends the breaking down of the whole structure of Yankee society," and adds, "yet a little while, and we shall see the giant, but hollow bulk of the Yankee nation bursting into fragments, and *rushing down into perdition in flames and blood.*"

We may answer to the above—an answer which we know will be approved by the great masses of the Northern people—that the citizens of the North have no similar vengeful desires for the South. They do not regard certain peculiarities of "the structure of *Southern* society," as being the best that could be devised, either for the capital or the base,—but so far as they desire to see the institutions of the North and the South assimilated, it is not because they wish the South ill, but because they wish it good, and because they would remove what has always been the principal source of wrangling and contention between the two sections—but they would experience only sorrow, and not pleasure, in seeing the South "a desert of blood-soaked ashes," and "rushing down to perdition in flames and blood." Rather would they see the gentle but busy hand of peace effacing in the South all the ravages of war, and that section, so highly favored of Heaven, blessed with tenfold its old prosperity. Rather would they see, if there is to be say "breaking down" of Southern institutions, a change which should prove itself to be one of those natural developments from a lower to a higher condition, which, apart from some necessary but transient inconveniences, are productive alike of material prosperity and of intellectual and spiritual progress.

Such, we are convinced, are the feelings of the great majority of the Northern people at this moment. There is no wide-spread animosity towards the South and its people existing among us.

The war, when once over, will leave no hard feelings behind it, so far as the great masses of the North are concerned. They think the South has made a very brave fight of it, and would have succeeded in achieving anything but that impossibility, the Dissolution of the Union; and, once again united, they feel that we might defy, if due occasion arose, the world in arms.

And I believe that the [illegible] chivalrous [illegible] and [illegible] low themselves to be irritated into [illegible] follies of thought and language. Profiting [illegible] they will [illegible] were before.

Let us, our readers, therefore, attach no [illegible] importance to the crazy [illegible] threatenings which we have alluded to, [illegible] low themselves to be irritated into [illegible] follies of thought and language. Profiting [illegible] they will [illegible] were before.

Let us, our readers, therefore, attach no much importance to the crazy [illegible] threatenings which we have alluded to, [illegible] low themselves to be irritated into [illegible] follies of thought and language. Profiting [illegible] these very fire-eating editors themselves [illegible] neither such wicked nor such foolish [illegible] lows as they would make themselves out to be. As the rebel soldiers in Virginia after the surrender, were surprised to find their assailants such clever fellows, and even able to argue with them upon the most exciting subjects, without getting one of [illegible] per; so these Richmond and Charleston editors, under similar circumstances, [illegible] would keep their tempers just as well and acknowledge among themselves, that there really was no greater difference between the "Yankee" and the "chivalry," than [illegible] was among the members of every one great national family.

SENSIBLE AT LAST.

One of the inflammable Charleston papers recently concluded an article advising all non-combatants to "skedaddle" from that city, in the following words—"*Let us take counsel of prudence.*" We are pleased to find such good advice given to the Charlestonians. If they had been given such counsel at the outset, they never would have attacked Fort Sumter. By-the-way, if the report be true that the Union forces have "the whole of Morris Island," it will not probably be many weeks before Fort Sumter runs up again the old flag. Sumter and the other forts once taken, Charleston will doubtless take counsel of "prudence," and surrender without a bombardment. In fact, for such terrible fellows, the fire-eaters have an uncommonly large amount of good sense. We have always observed that they would march up to the edge of a precipice as daringly as anybody in the world—but we never knew them to jump in when they thought nothing was to be gained by so doing. If it be objected to this that they did leap into the chasm of disunion, we answer that they only did it under a complete misapprehension of the true state of feeling in the Northern states. They counted confidently on a divided North as the result of their action—and made the greatest blunder they ever made in their lives.

ABRA'S VISION.

Abra Ham Lincoln, may his tribe increase!
Awoke one night—for wonders ne'er will cease—
And saw amid the gaslight in his room,
Looking as dark as the great day of doom,
A graining negro, black, grotesque, and old.
Long thoughts of war had made our Abe bold;
"What wantest thou?" he to the phantom cried.
"I wants to know, old mars'," the form replied,
"What you be gwine to do wid dis ar chile?"
Abra Ham frowned, then said with serious smile,
"'Tis written in Heaven, and this is my decree—
Both you and yours henceforward must be free.
My word is given. And now, old man, depart."
But why upsprings he with a sudden start?
No more he sees a negro, black and old,
But a fair angel, with his locks of gold,
Radiant as morn, and gladsome as the spring.
"I am the soul of that soiled, earthly thing
Thou saw'st but now. I thank thee from my heart,
Abra Ham Lincoln. Thou the better part
Hast chosen for thyself and for thy land.
For this one deed stand thou at God's right hand."
The angel vanished. Abra slept no more,
But paced all night in thought his chamber floor.

H. P.

THE ENGLISH PRESS.

The American people have enjoyed the reading of the *London Times*, and other foreign periodicals of a similar character, very greatly within the last few weeks. The poor Federal Union—in what great danger it is! how it has no generals, no soldiers worthy the name, no victories to boast of! How Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, all lie weak and helpless at the foot of that wonderful conqueror, Lee! How Grant is foiled before Vicksburg, and trembling to hear the onset of Johnston's fearful forces! How Banks is in great peril before Port Hudson! How New Orleans is in danger of the rebels! How Rosecrans is shaking in his shoes before Bragg! How gold is about advancing from forty to some

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

Women's Pennsylvania Branch,
1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION AT GETTYSBURG.

So much has been said and written about the relief administered to the wounded on the battle-field at Gettysburg by means of various associations and individuals, that it may be a matter of interest, especially to those who have contributed to the funds of the Sanitary Commission, to hear some account of the specific work in which it was engaged on that occasion. The Commission had in usual number of agents and a considerable supply of stores with the army during the battle. The Chief-Inspector was at the time of the engagement at Frederick, but as soon as the news reached him, he set out for Gettysburg with a number of wagons loaded with supplies. He was unfortunately captured by Lee's retreating army on Saturday, and the stores of course appropriated by the rebels. By dint of great exertion, another agent reached the field from Westminster on Sunday morning at 5 o'clock, and reported at once to the Surgeon of the 2nd Army Corps Hospital, which contained at that time nearly 3,000 wounded. He was welcomed with the most heart-felt gratitude, his stores immediately made available, and the surgeon thanked God that in his extremest need the Sanitary Commission had first come to the rescue, as usual, of his dying patients. Supplies soon began to arrive in very large quantities, and no one could visit any of the hospitals without finding in the surgeon's tent, and in the actual use of the wounded, some of the articles which are supplied by the Commission. We recognized many objects which had come from the stores of our Depository in this city. After railroad communication was re-established between Baltimore and Gettysburg, supplies arrived daily by the car-load; and a large store-house was taken in the town, which was filled every morning by the contributions thus received, and the larger portion of which were distributed to the various hospitals in the neighborhood before night. Besides the ordinary army wagons and ambulances used in the transportation of these articles to the hospitals (some of which were several miles distant,) the Commission had in this service three wagons and teams owned by itself. The supplies of all kinds issued from the depot of the Commission were at least twenty times greater than those provided from any other quarter except the Government. The result was, that the hospitals were never so well supplied immediately after a battle, although the medical department of the army was obliged to prepare for another battle then thought imminent on the banks of the Potomac. After a few days the supplies of clothing, bedding, &c., were ample, and delicacies of all kinds, lemons, oranges, and ice, began to arrive in abundance. In addition to the usual supplies, an "Arctic Car," as it is called, that is a car fitted up as an ice-house, was daily dispatched from Philadelphia, containing large quantities of fresh meat, vegetables, eggs, butter, &c. The Commission also established at Hanover Junction, a refreshment saloon, on a modest scale, intended to feed the poor wounded soldiers as they passed that point in the cars on their way to Baltimore; sometimes to the number of a thousand a day. Fortunately, this was one of those occasions in which almost any one who was willing to work, could do good without fear that his zeal might lead him to do injury to the soldier. There did not seem to be a sick man in the hospitals; they were all wounded, and any sort of refreshment that was offered to them was peculiarly grateful and not injurious. The most liberal system of distribution was adopted at the Commission Depot in Gettysburg. Not only were the constant requisitions of the surgeons filled, but articles for the use of the hospitals were liberally supplied to any respectable person who applied for them with that object. One of the most curious and characteristic sights at the depot, was to observe rebel surgeons and chaplains making application for articles necessary for the relief of their own men. No one was turned away, rebel or friend, all were recognized only as common sufferers, and the common Christian law of love was the only rule recognized in accomplishing this ministry of mercy.

One of our Associate Managers writes, under date of July 7th:

"To day we have packed, and will dispatch this evening two boxes for our sick and wounded soldiers to the United States Sanitary Commission. Our appeal was answered by the offerings of true and loving hearts; and we have more than we could pack and send to day. Had you been here the past week, and seen the efforts to supply the volunteers with rations, to send food to Harrisburg for the soldiers, to feed and clothe helpless fugitives from Carlisle and other places—until neither bakers nor families had a loaf left, and no breathing time to recover, and then had witnessed the hearty response to our appeal, I think you would have felt with me, that among the evils which this war has brought upon us, it were well to remember its benefits, in the quickening of sluggish souls, the widening of human sympathies, the higher and nobler aspirations which God has called forth in our people. Truly, affliction bears precious fruit."

Union County, we understand, has sent a larger proportion of volunteers than any other. In the town of Lewisburg, nearly every man left. Stores were closed—all business suspended—and the women worked incessantly to provide haversacks and other necessaries.

Contributions flow in from all parts of Susquehanna County. Our Associate Manager there, is doing a most noble work. We cannot be sufficiently grateful to those faithful ones, the results of whose labors keep busy many hands in assorting and sending of the supplies which now are constantly in demand.

We are depending largely upon the efforts of our contributing Societies during the fruit season now upon us, and feel sure the stores of the Sanitary Commission will show the results of their labors during the whole of next winter. We only wish to remind our good housewives of all that has been said and written on the virtues of the blackberry, prepared in different forms for hospital use. The old supply is exhausted, and our telegrams are calling for more.—Red flannel shirts are also in demand for rheumatic patients.

We copy from the Sanitary Reporter No. 2, the following letter:—

Camp on Stone River,
Near Murfreesboro, Tenn.

M. G. Read—

Agent U. S Sanitary Commission:

Dear Sir: Since the commencement of this fratricidal war, with all the horrors it has entailed upon the country, no brighter scene has been presented than the benevolence of our people as manifested through the Sanitary Commission of which you are the local agent.

Those at home who contribute to its funds do not and cannot appreciate the amount of good which they are doing. They have a general idea "that there is suffering in the army, and that the articles they contribute are to alleviate it." But to understand the actual good which is accomplished, they must visit camps and hospitals, and see with their own eyes, and hear with their own ears. Having, since August, 1861, been with the troops in the field, in camp, and garrison, and hospital, I have been enabled to see and feel the good which has been done.

At no time and at no place have I been either out of the reach of, or failed to get all needed supplies from your agencies.

When, yesterday, I divided two barrels of potatoes and one of onions among the companies, a shout of delight went up through all the camp, and in one company of forty-eight men, they gave "three cheers for the Sanitary Commission."

Intimately connected with the workings of the Sanitary Commission is the part which the women of the loyal states are taking. While their sisters of the South are, as a class, the most venomous of the whole, ours have manifested the spirit of Christianity, and have worked, and labored, and prayed with a self-sacrificing disposition, such as has not before blessed the world.

Very many of these noble women have not been content to work at home, but they have braved the dangers of the hospital and the field, that they might *know* what was needed, and carry words of cheer and blessing wherever they went. No sight is so cheering in the dreary hospital as to see the cheerful countenance of such women. It reminds us of the hallowed influence of home, and gives strength to resist the temptations of the camp. With all our hearts we thank and bless them, and when this war shall have ended, and those who have seen and felt their kindly influence shall have returned to their homes, these women, with the equally loved and honored who have toiled in behalf of the soldiery at home, will be the honored and revered, while the vain daughters of fashion will be passed unheeded by.

The surgeons of the army hail the agents of the Sanitary Commission as their most efficient co-workers, and many of us feel that without their aid our work would not and could not have been half so well done.

It is in view of the great benefits of the Sanitary Commission that I have been tempted thus to intrude on your time and patience, wishing only in any way in my power to encourage your heart and strengthen your hands.

Wishing you and all your co-workers every blessing, I am, dear sir,

Yours, truly,
Benj. Woodward,
Surgeon 22d Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

DONATIONS.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

1 pkg., a lady.
1 box, Colebrookdale Iron Works, Mrs. C. Weaver, Sec'y.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Reading.
1 box, Northwest Aid Society, Phila.
1 pkg., School Lane Circle, Phila.
1 pkg., a lady.
1 pkg., a lady.
1 pkg., Mrs. Emlen.
1 box, Mr. R. M. Lewis.
1 keg, Ladies' Aid, Reading.
6 boxes, Ladies' Aid, Reading.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Smithfield, Bradford co.
1 pkg., Mrs. E. M. Leeds.
1 pkg., St. James's Church, through Miss Green.
1 box, Soldiers' Relief, Montrose.
2 barrels, Soldiers' Relief, Montrose.
2 boxes, Soldiers' Aid, King of Prussia.
1 barrel, Dr. Barnes's Church, Phila.
1 box, Union Relief, Norristown.
3 boxes, Ladies' Aid, Tamaqua.
2 pkgs., St. John's St. Secondary School, No. 1, Sixteenth Section.
1 pkg., Miss Gordon, Phila.
2 pkgs., Trinity Church Sunday School, Pottsville.
1 pkg., Mrs. Jandon, 1336 Spruce street.
1 pkg., Mrs. B. Griffits, Phila.
1 box, Sanitary Commission, Pittsburg.
1 pkg., C. S. Brewster, Attention Rood.
1 pkg., Mrs. Cox.
1 pkg., Ladies' Aid, Chambersburg.
1 pkg., Ladies' Aid, Germantown.
1 pkg., Ladies' Aid, Wissahickon.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Union co.
1 box, Spring Home Society, Spring Mills, Centre county.
1 bbl., Old Society, Byberry.
1 pkg., Soldiers' Aid, Tremont.
1 pkg., Soldiers' Aid, Dyberry.
1 pkg., Mrs. Wm. L. Goddard, West Phila.
1 box, Army Aid Society, Upper Merion.
1 pkg., Miss Mary Fisher.
1 pkg., Mrs. ——
1 barrel, Wilmington Aid, Center Square.
1 box, J. P. Ash, 110 South Thirteenth st.
1 barrel, Aid Society, Trumbauersville.
4 boxes, 1 pkg., St. James's Church, Mercer co.
1 box, 2 pkgs., Emmanuel Church, Holmesburg.
1 box, Brittany and Bald Eagle, Miss Hall.
1 box, Aid Society, New London.
1 box, Aid Society, Oxford, Chester county.
1 bale, Mrs. T. B. Gilpin, Phila.
1 box, Aid Society, Chester, Lenape.
1 box, Soldiers' Aid, Manheim.
1 box, Soldiers' Aid, Fleming county, Ky.
1 box, Aid Society, Lynchburg.
1 barrel, Mannsville, Tioga county.
1 box, Aid Society, Perkiomenville, Berks co.
1 box, 1 barrel, 1 bale, Soldiers' Aid, Doylestown, Pa.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Millheim.
1 box, St. John's Secondary School (addi tional).
2 pkgs., Ladies' Aid, Dr. Brainerd's Church, Phila.
1 box, Lenape Aid Society, Upper township.
1 pkg., Mrs. Wayne.
1 pkg., Mr. Hunter, 324 Pine Phila street.
1 box, Germantown, Montgomery.
1 box, Germantown, Montgomery.
1 pkg., Mrs. and Miss Rendle.
1 pkg., Mrs. R. A. Maxwell.
1 box, St. Thomas's Auxiliary Society, (colored) Phila.
1 box, Ladies' Aid Society, Upper township.
1 pkg., Mr. John C. Morris.
1 pkg., Mrs. Wayne.
1 pkg., Mr. Hunter, 324 Pine Phila street.
1 box, Germantown, Montgomery.
1 box, Germantown, Montgomery.
1 pkg., Mrs. and Miss Rendle.
1 pkg., Mrs. R. A. Maxwell.
1 box, St. Thomas's Auxiliary Society, (colored) Phila.
1 pkg., Mr. John C. Morris.
1 pkg., Mrs. Wayne.
1 box, Jane Bevington, Wrightstown, Bucks co.
1 box, Little Meadows, Susquehanna county.
1 box, Williamsburg, Blair county.
1 box, Milton, Northumberland county.
1 pkg., C. E. Hughens, for Mrs. C. B. Wright, New York.
1 box, John Elliott, 217 and 219 Walnut st., Phila.

FOREIGN FASHIONS.

A REVOLUTION IN HAIR.

The comb is henceforth an obsolete article in fashionable circles, and ladies are reverting to the Lady Godiva style of wearing the hair—that is, letting it flow down over the shoulders. Little girls having abandoned the once popular net, now have their hair crimped, and then allowed to flow loosely down the back. When the hair is of a light auburn or golden hue, it has a pretty effect, reminding one of early English maidens, with names like Maude and Mary, who used to live in the days of the Round Table.

Older girls, and young and even middle-aged ladies, have, however, made a compromise in the matter which is perfectly frightful. The hair is rumpled up so as to stand out on the head as if it had not been combed for a week, and then the back hair is also carefully rumpled, is loosely fastened up by a comb. The head is then considered arranged for the opera or ball room, and, as seen then and there, suggests "Tilly Slowboy" after one of her "cow-like gambols" around the cradle of "Dot's" baby.

But again we read, and it is a little contradictory, that the English ladies dress far more elaborately at the opera and concert room than the Americans. Even in the second-rate theatres—dim, dirty, mean-looking places (there is not a Wallack's in all London)—they come in "gorgeous array," which would have proved very gratifying to the feelings of the parient of the "Dinah" of the lamented Mr. "Villikens."—Opera cloaks are of different styles, and colored cloaks, corded with gold, are becoming popular. Combs are an important article of head-gear, being usually of gold, ornamented with rubies and emeralds. Of course, artificial flowers are in great vogue, and happy is that British matron who can perch a bird of paradise on top of her head.—Dresses are worn very low in the neck, and at this season white is the prevailing color at opera and theatre, as well as in private assemblies.

GENERAL GILLMORE.

From the Augusta (Georgia) Sentinel.

The Yankees have a great opinion of General Gillmore, who is now in command of the forces that are engaged against Charleston.

He is considered a very dangerous man where forts or other works are to be reduced by artillery. He is a native of Ohio, and, in 1844 graduated at West Point, at the head of his class. For a year or two after his graduation he was a Professor at that institution. Subsequently he was assigned to the duty of experimenting upon the power of projectiles upon earth, wood, and earthworks, and spent several years in this duty, acquiring in that time more experience and knowledge on this subject than any man in this country. The more perfectly to record the results of his experiments he took photographs of the effect of every shot fired. At Fort Pulaski he, for the first time, brought his skill to the test of actual experience. Pulaski was considered next to Sumter in impregnability. Gillmore, getting his guns to within six hundred yards, knocked it to pieces as he might have done a house of cards.

☞ Leaving a Name.—"Is Mr. Jones in?" asked an Irishman of the porter in a hotel. "No," was the reply; "will you leave your name?" "Och, murther, do you think I'd be after going home without a name?"

FROGS AND TOADS IN ROCKS.

"By A. D. Gordon Cumming, the well-known African hunter, and occasionally letter to the Times in which he says: "A short time ago you quoted a letter written by me to the editor of the Night Owl, in which I mentioned the discovery of living toads in making a railway cutting through rocks near Aliwal. As many of my friends have questioned the authenticity of the statement, will you allow me to avow myself to be the writer, and to communicate my statements to forward the contents of a block from the Forest Gazette of last week. The ground under which these living toads are found consists of two feet of black soil, from six to twelve feet of water-worn gravel, and four to eight feet of hard sandstone, all resting upon a bed of red conglomerate. In excavating the railway cutting, I came upon a considerable number of living toads, and in each case the condition of the animal was the same. On the contrary, the animal was found to be in a torpid state. On being exposed to the influence of the atmosphere, it soon revived, and seemingly unharmed took to flight. The cavity in which these living toads are found is so shaped that the only means of access to it is through a narrow passage, which is filled with moist clay. Through this passage it is impossible for any insect to enter, and consequently the animal must have existed for a considerable period without food. Of course I cannot refer to the presence of living creatures in such a position." The following is the extract referred to: The Forest Gazette, referring to a letter from Sir Alexander Gordon Cumming, of Altyre, which appeared in the Courier some time ago, regarding the discovery of a number of toads found in a rock on the estate of Altyre, says: "This fact was further confirmed last week by an examination of the men present at the blasting, who produced portions of the rock, showing the precise spots were some of the toads were embedded. There were indentations on the stone of a size, but not so deep, of a hen's egg out lengthwise in half. When the shot went off, the workmen ran to the spot, and found the toads scampering away. The nests, which became exposed in the solid rock by the blast, appeared to have a coating of soft black viscid stuff, in which the toads had lain. The rock is not sandstone, but a kind of conglomerate, very compact, but with open spaces, around which crystals of silica appear. That the toads were embedded in the solid rock we have no doubt whatever, but to make assurance doubly sure the workmen agree to carry large pieces of the rock to a given place, where they will be broken leisurely and carefully, in the presence of intelligent witnesses, who will be at no loss to verify the facts which may be presented." Another correspondent of the Times, in confirmation of this story, gives the following as an extract of an unpublished work: "Agassiz—man who has just returned from Khandeish, in the south of India, informs us that in digging, or rather blasting, a well in Khandeish, the well-diggers encouraged him to persevere, as they had found moist rock, and because within the blocks were frogs; that he saw two small frogs released out of a block of hard rock, and found water there at about thirty-five feet from the surface. Wherever water percolates tadpoles may be conveyed, as also air and infusoria, for their support in their advanced stage of existence; and no doubt nature enables the frog to secrete solvents, enabling it to increase its mansion; for, otherwise, how could the 'Biota toad' have prevented the process of solidification within the flint in which it was enclosed?"

☞ Diptheria is raging at a fearful rate in Western Illinois. In the town of Moline, over one hundred children have died from its effects. Parents in a panic have shut their children into the house to keep them clear of it, but it was observed that those who were housed were the victims soonest, while those that "roughed it" out of doors invariably escaped.

☞ Just think of it: If our earth were suddenly precipitated into the sun at a velocity of 627,510 yards a second, we should be burned alive, instantaneously destroyed, reduced immediately to impalpable ashes ten thousand times more quickly than one would be who fell into a foundry's furnace which was heated to white heat. Consequently, our death would be the easiest imaginable.

☞ Unmarried.—By a recent census, there are liable to conscription, in the United States, at present, "unmarried men, between the ages of twenty and thirty, fifteen hundred thousand!"

☞ They have rather a mixed population in San Francisco. Children from *twenty-three* different countries attend the public schools.

☞ The Transcript says:—"The President signs his documents *A. Lincoln.* It would be better to give us *Abraham* in full, then it would appear that he was *the* Lincoln. A. Lincoln has an undignified look for the Chief Magistrate of the United States."

☞ Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" has been proscribed by several bishops in France, who enjoin their flocks instantly to place any copies of it they may possess in the hands of their confessors, who will immediately destroy this "very immoral and pernicious work."

☞ It is proposed to light Bombay with gas made from the bones of dead Hindoos. It is calculated that each body will yield two hundred cubic feet of gas.

LATEST NEWS.

From Charleston.

News from Charleston has been received of the attack on Fort Wagner, on the night of July the 18th, and the capture of the fort and garrison. Among the prisoners captured are Captain Gadsden, Lieutenant Colonel Shaw, and Major Putnam, the latter of whom was badly wounded. The Rebel accounts, however, did not mention the capture of Gadsden, Shaw, or Putnam, but stated that their forces on Morris Island had been withdrawn to the main land, after spiking their guns, and destroying their ammunition.

Captures of Rebel Steamers.

Headquarters, Department of the Ohio, Cincinnati, July 19, 1863.

To Col. Ludlow, Provost Marshal General:

The Army of the Potomac, and the gunboat fleet under Admiral Porter, have driven the rebels to cover behind the guns of their fortifications. A fight cannot be reported from either Vicksburg or Port Hudson, and the rebel army is moved off toward Chicago. O. M. Mitchell, Major General.

On the 19th July a severe fight occurred between Gen. Hobson and the rebel Gen. Cooper, 20 miles south of Fort Gibson, Missouri, which ended in the capture of 400 of the latter. Hobson with 2,000 men and 12 guns, assaulted the rebels in intrenchments, and attacked the rebels, 4,000 strong, on Elk Creek.

The last expedition up the Red River has proved a success. The steamers, property valued at 14,000 pounds of bacon, quantity of munition, 10,000 rounds of Enfield rifle and 324 round of fixed ammunition for guns, a rifle 20 pounder gun, 60 bales cotton, &c.

From Memphis we learn that Price is in full retreat towards Arkansas.

By the steamer Imperial, arrived at Cairo from New Orleans, we learn that the rebels had burned a portion of Jackson, Miss., and that the pursuit of Johnston is as on foot.

The Hon. John J. Crittenden died yesterday morning, at Frankfort, Ky., in the 77th year of his age. His death was caused by general debility.

☞ The following steam contains every letter in the English alphabet except K, which is a letter employed more than any other:—

A jovial swain may rock his bride,
And tax his fancy's might,
To quiz in vain, for 'tis most plain
That what I say is right.

☞ Martin F. Tupper.—The author of "Proverbial Philosophy," and of a nuptial ode to the Princess of Wales, (in which he made *wanderer* rhyme with *Alexandra*) is to be made a baronet. Possessing the handsome estate of Albury, in Surrey, Mr. Tupper has ample means for supporting "the dignity" of the baronetage.

☞ General Meade was frequently under fire at Gettysburg, though he does not appear to have exposed himself unnecessarily. He rode along the lines, attended by his orderlies, guiding every movement, and halting and sending to the front demoralized officers and men. At one time his horse was killed under him, the exciter shot passing through the flap of the saddle, grazing the leg of the general.

☞ The London Patriot states that since the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has been in England, he has expressed his intention not to undertake any public engagements. He says he shall neither speak on the platform nor preach in the pulpit. He disavows all political purposes in his visit to Europe, and, so far from seeking to influence public opinion there, he expressed his utter indifference to it.

☞ History of the Stars and Stripes.—The Stars and Stripes were unfurled the first time at Saratoga, at the surrender of Burgoyne. The battle of Bunker Hill was fought under a red flag, bearing the motto, "come, if you dare!" but on the 14th of June, 1777, the Continental Congress resolved, "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the union be thirteen stars, white, on a blue field, representing a new constellation." January 13th, 1794, it was enacted, "That on and after the 1st of May, 1795, the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the union be fifteen stars." This was the national flag during the war of 1812. On the 4th of April, 1818, the flag was again altered to thirteen stripes, and one star for every state in the Union.

☞ Both sons of Hon. Edward Everett (one of whom has just graduated at Cambridge, England,) have been drafted in Boston. Both have made up their minds to serve in person, instead of procuring a substitute or paying the three hundred dollars. Mr. Everett himself, it is said, declares that if he is drafted, he will follow their example.

☞ Even Brigham Young's wives are affected with the military spirit; they call their husband Briggy-dear.

☞ It is said that the seat of Government of Mississippi was recently removed from Jackson in a carpet bag.

☞ The colonies of Great Britain cover not less than 3,350,000 square miles, and to govern and manage them costs the British nation five dollars for every mile.

☞ Love and Devotion.—Love and devotion are supposed to be nearly allied. Boccacio fell in love at Naples in the church of St. Lorenzo, as Petrarch had done at Avignon in the church of St. Clair.

THE COLOR SERGEANT.

You say that in every battle
No soldier was braver than he,
[illegible] in the van and the rattle,
He carried the flag of the free;
I know, did I know he'd ne'er falter,
I could trust him, the dutiful boy.
My Robert was wilful—but Walter,
Dear Walter was ever a joy.

And if he was true to his mother
Do you think he his trust would betray,
And give up his place to another,
Or turn from the danger away?
He knew, while afar he was straying,
He fell in the thick of the fight,
That at home his poor mother was praying
For him and the cause of the right.

Tell me, comrades, who saw him when dying,
What he said, what he did, if you can;
On the field, in his agony lying,
Did he suffer and die like a man?
Do you think he once wished he had never
Borne arms for the right and the true?
Nay, he shouted, *Our Country forever!*
When he died he was praying for you!"

Oh, my darling, my youngest and fairest,
Whom I gathered so close to my breast;
I called thee my dearest and rarest;
And thou wert my purest and best!
I tell thee, oh, friend, as a mother
Whose full heart is breaking to-day,
The Infinite Father—none other—
Can know what he's taken away!

I thank you once more for your kindness;
For this lock of his auburn hair;
Perhaps 'tis the one I in blindness
Last touched, and we parted just there,
When he asked, through his tears, should he linger
From duty? I answered him, Nay;
And he smiled as he placed on my finger
The ring I am wearing to-day.

I watched him leap into that meadow;
There a child he with others had played;
I saw him pass slowly the shadow
Of the trees where his father was laid;
And there where the road meets two others
Without turning he went on his way:
Once his face toward the foe, not his mother's
Should unman him, or cause him delay.

It may be that some day your duty
Will carry you that way again;
When the field shall be riper in beauty,
Enriched by the blood of the slain;
Will you see if the grasses are growing
On the grave of my boy? Will you see
If a flower, e'en the smallest, is blowing,
And pluck it, and send it to me?

Don't think, in my grief, I'm complaining;
I gave him, God took him, 'tis right;
And the cry of his mother remaining,
Shall strengthen his comrades in fight.
Not for vengeance to-day in my weeping,
Goes my prayer to the infinite Throne,
God pity the foe when he's reaping
The harvest of what he has sown!

Tell his comrades these words of his mother:
All over the wide land to-day,
The Rachels who weep with each other,
Together in agony pray;
They know in their great tribulation,
By the blood of their children outpoured,
We shall smite down the foes of the Nation,
In the terrible day of the Lord.

A MODERN FRENCH DUEL.

BY JULES JANIN.

Our way lay in the direction of the Porte Maillot, in the Bois de Boulogne. I was going to fight my best friend Bernard; he had asked me to make amends for something I had done to offend him, and the offence was so grievous that I really do not remember what it was. Each went his own way, as the autumnal leaves cracked under our feet. Bernard walked on one side of the road, with his hands behind his back. Bernard walked sedately; he had made up his mind to kill me. As to me, I went along without troubling myself with reflections; I really did not care to kill Bernard, although it was I who had given him offence.

Our witnesses—good fellows enough—kept at a respectful distance, and followed in silence; they liked us both, and anticipated only with feelings of deep concern the fatal moment when one of us should be tumbled on the ground with a ball in his body. They thought of our old parents, whom we ourselves had forgotten; of our gay autumnal evenings, never to come back again; and they thought even of the grief of Augustine and Elise. Still we kept on, and was not the road long! I have always despised those who go to fight in a carriage; the least shake gives them a shudder. To walk to a combat is quite another thing; the blood circulates; there is a positive pleasure in contemplating, probably for the last time, the sunshine and the vast firmament. It is a pleasure to trip by the side of a cataract, which there are but faint hopes of getting across.

Once at the Porte Maillot, we pretended to separate.

"We are going to seek for a good place," said Captain Reynaud.

"That is it; a good place," said Bernard.

And there we were, trying to get into gloomy alleys, whilst the central avenues were furrowed in every direction by English horses, carriages full of ladies, and light tilburys, [illegible] for a little flirtation in public. Capital invention! You are alone by the side of her, close to her, you see her, feel her, love her, and she, trembling, [illegible] her veil and hair first against your face. The horse knows how happy you are, and goes all the quicker.

I had got to the extremity of the shady pathway that opens upon La Muette, and, totally forgetting what had brought me to the wood, was peering out from beneath the overhanging tapestry of leaves, when I saw some one go by. Oh, what luck! She was alone in her berline—La Julietta. I rather guessed her than saw her. I guessed her by her scarf, by the black muzzle of her little dog peering over the doorway, leaning on the scarf, and watching autumn go by.

I had entered the lists without having any real interest in the matter, and now I only thought of my love, and seeing her so near me—the beautiful artiste—"Stop!" I shouted; "stop a moment, Julietta!" And I was going to run after the carriage, but Bernard took hold of me with his great hand, and with his grave look he said:

"It is not there that you have to go, but there!" And he pointed with his finger to an obscure and repulsive part of the forest.

"Oh, yes, I know it all," I said; "but wait a moment, Bernard. I will kill you presently or you may kill me, no matter which, but let me say to her for the last time what I said to her yesterday, my Julietta! She sang Don Juan to me; you know her; you supped with her at my house only a fortnight ago; you accompanied her on the piano when she sang; you spoke to her in Italian and in Spanish; you whispered to her as long as you liked; now let me go and bid farewell to the fascinating creature."

At this very moment Julietta's carriage had turned round, and, coming back, drew up before us. She put the dog on one side with her hand, and advancing her beautiful face:

"Good morning, Bernard; good morning, Gabriel," she said to me; "always friends, chers seigneurs, always inseparable. Whither are you going, then?" At the same time she held out her hand to me with her charming Neapolitan smile, browned by the sun. She was holding out her hand to me, but it was Bernard who took it and kissed it.

"Signorina," he said to her, with a familiarity that surprised me not a little, "if you would only take a turn or two in the woods, I and Gabriel have a little business matter to settle here, after which we shall be at your service, and, if you like, we will sing together this evening the duo of 'Matilda di Sabran.'"

Zerlina-Julietta consented like a good princess to prolong her drive a little; she bade me farewell, but with her eyes on Bernard. Then I suddenly remembered that I had come out to fight, and I said to Bernard, "Marchons!"

We turned off at once to the left, and, looking round, I saw that Bernard was still looking after the carriage. I saw something also at the window that was looking at Bernard; but I was not sure if it were the spaniel or Julietta.

We had got to the middle of the alley, and everything was ready, calm, and silent. French promenaders have that in them that is good; they are discreet; they always respect a duel as they do a rendezvous. Our witnesses were not men to be trifled with, the pistols were loaded, the paces measured off, and each of us took his place.

Bernard said from a distance (we were separated by twenty-five paces), "Fire first!"

I said to Bernard, "Let us fire together!"

Captain Reynaud interrupted our conversation, carried on with pointed pistols, by giving the signal with his big hands: One! two! three! I expected that Bernard would have fired. One! two! three! Nothing! Bernard did not fire, neither did I. "You are a wretched humbug," said Bernard to me. Without looking at Bernard, I said to Captain Reynaud:

"Captain, I shall never fire at Bernard."

"Well, then," said Bernard, "here's at you, Gabriel."

He pulled the trigger, and caused a great hole in my hat; the ball made the circuit of my skull cap. I must have been born under a lucky star.

"You are not dead?" said Bernard to me.

"No," said I.

"Well, that is lucky. Let us embrace one another." And, so saying, he came up to me with open arms, and embraced me till I was nearly suffocated.

Then seeing that my hat was burst, and had a great hole in it just over my forehead:

"Come," he exclaimed, "I took a good aim, didn't I?"

"Yes," I replied; "but luckily it is my old hat that I put on this morning, and so it is not so annoying as if it had been my new one."

"Well," said Bernard, "take mine, it is quite new, and give me yours; I will keep in remembrance of our eternal friendship."

The witnesses applauded this sublime act of self-negation on the part of Bernard. I, who knew that Bernard was not so well off in the world as I was, was abashed at the idea of exchanging my old hat for his new one, but he said with so much insistance, "Give me your old hat!" that I handed it over to him. He at once put it on his head, and bidding us all good-by, went away as proud, and with a neck as stiff, as if he had won the battle of Austerlitz.

We waited for him a quarter of an hour at the border of the wood, not knowing what had become of him. But the quarter had only just expired when we saw Julietta's carriage pass by, and in it and by her side sat Bernard; upon Bernard's knees was the young artiste's poodle, and on the knees of the lady, oh Heaven! what did I see, the hat with the hole in it that Bernard had carried off as a prize. The carriage passed so quickly that I had barely time to take off Bernard's new hat to Julietta.

The witnesses could not fathom the meaning of what they saw; but I felt happy in being able to divine the generous conduct of Bernard. "He is talking of me," I said to myself; "he is relating to my dear Julietta the danger that I have escaped, and she is shedding sweet tears over my hat with a hole in it. Worthy Bernard!" I was so delighted with the disinterestedness of his conduct that I almost regretted that he had not shot me through the heart.

We all took our way towards town, expatiating eloquently in praise of Bernard. We were in high spirits for a variety of reasons; our witnesses had seen no blood shed, I was reconciled with Bernard, and Bernard, he was pleading my cause with Julietta. The witnesses, however, excited by the affair of the morning, could hold converse concerning nothing but singular combats, duels to the death, and offences washed away in blood. They had each their story, and some many to relate, in which pistols, swords, sabres, and daggers played their sanguinary part.

"All these duels that you have spoken about," interrupted Captain Gandeffroi, "were affairs on land, and bear no affinity to a duel to death in the good ship *La Belle Normande*, which I, one among a hundred, witnessed when I was a middy. It is now a long time ago, and the duel took place between the captain of the ship and a young English gentleman. The captain, who was not a strict disciplinarian, had made an appointment at a certain point in the ocean, and the Englishman had been waiting for him there for a month. But the history is rather long to relate," added Captain Gandeffroi, "and if you do not consent to sit down a few minutes in front of the estaminet of the 'Deux Amis,' I shall never have strength to relate you the whole of it."

We accordingly adjourned to the dusty estaminet of the "Deux Amis," and taking our seats beneath the shadow of a tall young poplar, which already rose up one half higher than the house, the captain continued his story in nearly the following terms:

They had passed the night in the same hammock; the same roll of the ship had rocked them in their bed, as an attentive mother rocks her children to sleep. To see these two men thus brought together and so united, no one would have said that the next day one of them was to perish by the hand of the other; and yet such was their destiny. Scarcely had the fresh breeze of the morning and the shouts of the watch announced Aurora, than they both hastened up ready to combat to death in the most dignified manner possible.

One of these men was no less than the captain, in the full vigor of manhood; it was to be seen in the looks of that man that his enemy was dead. A smile as of contempt lingered upon his lips; his eye ran over the minutest details of his ship, and he went, according to custom, to see the compass, interrogate the pilot, and walk the deck. There was not a sailor that escaped his watchful glance, and not a sail or a sheet that he did not scan if in its proper place; he was, indeed, an active, reflective, and imperious man, who, before an hour was over, was going to play the game of life and death.

His adversary was a simple "gentleman"—his black coat and neat necktie betokened a young Londoner or Parisian, more accustomed to the every-day life of a great city, than to the imposing sight of a ship in the trough of the ocean. This young man had a countenance in which care was depicted, but it was simply ennui that gave him that expression; he sat on the deck watching with what might be his last look, the foggy sky breaking up before the rising sun into fleecy clouds—floods of greenish white, through which the sun was just breaking forth, and the busy yet silent movements of an army of marines, shut up within the flanks of a ship, and who had only one instinct, that of obeying the orders of a single man. Thus it was on each side that the moment of strife was awaited.

When the captain had given his last order, he stepped on to the quarter-deck towards his adversary, who got up on seeing him approach, and though he was of less stature than his enemy, it was easy to see that he was not wanting in courage.

At that very moment a dead calm had suspended the ship's course; the first rays of the rising sun had chained the winds down; the sails hung upon the masts; and the whole ship's crew were thus left at liberty to watch the progress of the hostile proceedings. The veteran sailors—real children of the salt—had taken up their stations in front, the younger men were behind, the staff surrounded the person of the captain, like a group of witnesses upon so solemn an occasion, and if you had lifted your head you would have seen the young middies perched in the rigging, from whence they contemplated the imposing spectacle that was presented below.

The young man alone stood by himself. He had neither friend nor witness; he had not even a sigh in his favor, not even the benefit of a moment's doubt as to what was going to happen to his person, so perfectly was every one of that ship's crew persuaded that it was an act of madness to engage the captain on his quarter-deck—a madness for which only one result could atone!

The young man himself, too, seemed to feel that when the swords were drawn he did not stand upon firm land; the roll of the ship made him swerve, and he would have been a dead man had not the captain, seeing him at so great disadvantage, cast his sword into the sea, and called for pistols. Lots had no sooner been drawn as to who should fire first, than a short, sharp sound was heard, so slight that it was lost in a moment in the murmur of the waves. Yet had that slight report been enough to kill the captain; he had fallen down and died as if it was an every-day occurrence, scolding one of those who stood mournfully over him because he had a hole in his coat-sleeve.

As to his murderer, what became of his murderer? When you are under the smiling shadows of the Bois de Boulogne, in the midst of the shrubs of the Barriere d'Enfer, once your enemy is on the ground, and your honor is revenged, you are dragged away from the scene of slaughter, and you leave to the victim's seconds the task of lifting up his corpse; but on board ship, when all is sky and sea around, you must remain to confront your victim, and when your feelings of revenge are gratified, and they are succeeded by remorse for the deed done, you must be present at the funeral, you must hold a corner of the flag that does duty as a shroud, and you must even lend an unwilling hand in casting the body of your victim into the sea.

What must have been the agony of that young man when he saw the flood open to receive the still warm body that was thus thrown to it, when he heard the booming of the great guns, and the mournful shouts of the crew bidding it an eternal farewell, when he saw the vessel resume its course across the wide expanse, and he found himself alone amidst the stern silence and the general mourning!

Thus spoke Captain Gandeffroi; his narrative seemed to make a deep impression upon all the witnesses of our miserable duel on firm land, and I alone felt that the captain was prolix. I thought of nothing but of Bernard and of Julietta.

At last evening came on, and each took his way home. I set off on the traces of Julietta and Bernard; but it was in vain that I ransacked Paris. I went to the Bouges, to Julie's, to Cyprien's—everywhere. Neither he nor she had been heard of. At last I went home myself, and slept till morning.

Next morning, who should come in but Bernard himself.

"Where were you?" said I. "I was seeking you everywhere last night."

"Why," he said, "I was at the Theatre-Francais, seeing 'Mithridates' played, with Julietta."

"And what did she say, Bernard, about the hole in your hat?"

"She declared you were a nice fellow to take aim with such desperate intentions at your friend, and she vowed she would never speak to you again, for she detests a blood-thirsty fellow like you."

And so it really happened; ever since that horrible affair she would not speak to me, she forgot altogether that it was I who had introduced Bernard to her; she kept the hat with the hole in it as a trophy, and for more than a month suspended it in her boudoir. And thus it was, that by this unfortunate duel I won a new hat, lost the good graces of the lady I loved, and was superseded by Bernard.

It is true, however, that I had Captain Gandeffroi's story into the bargain.

THE LOVES OF AN ECCENTRIC AUTHOR.

Few persons will associate with the author of "Sandford and Merton," the romantic disappointed feelings of an ardent, rejected lover, who sought, in an Utopian scheme, for consolation in a "real vexation." Yet such was Thomas Day, to whom English boys owe that work which, next to "Robinson Crusoe," is the best book for them in our language. "Robinson Crusoe" leads on the young to enterprise; it inculcates fortitude and ingenuity; "Sandford and Merton" impresses honor, unworldly views, proper estimates of life, and manly habits. And the author of this unequalled book was as honorable, as generous, as brave as his own hero. Seldom is so much to be said of any author. Witness his first action on coming of age. His mother had married again; her husband, a certain Mr. Phillips, had persecuted Day from his very infancy; yet Day, on obtaining his majority, and believing his mother when she said that she was pinched and wretched on her jointure of three hundred a year, augmented her income a hundred a year, and settled it on her husband, in order that that one pet misery might no longer be a grievance, as his stepfather was an inconvenience to his mother.

Whilst an unformed youth, Day fell in love; [illegible] of the adored; and to Laura, Day wrote verses such as this:

Thee, Laura, thee, by fount, on mossy stream,
Or thickest shade, unguarded by human feet,
I sigh, unheeded, to the moon's pale beam;
Thee, Laura, thee, the echoing hills repeat.

But Laura, while accepting his addresses, loved him not. She receded—if not at the church doors, not far from it, metaphorically—and Day was left wounded; and the wound was long unhealed.

He began to rail at women, and to trace the root of all the frivolity and heartlessness with which he invested them, to their education. It was an age of transition, and Day was one of those who strove to found on the downright John Bull nature a fabric of Roman heroism. To begin, he adopted an old deistical philosophy, and engrafted on it a large philanthropy. For the sufferings of refinement he was to allow no compassion. The poor found a ready sympathy in him; but the sensitive, and those who had not actually to sustain cold and hunger, were totally disregarded; and our hero, partly from conceit, and partly from the tone of the times, avowed a contempt for all polished society. He thought it, however, a duty to the world that he should marry; but, to have such a wife as he pictured, he must, he confessed, have one made on purpose for him.

Independent, and, indeed, for those days, rich, on a clear twelve hundred a year, Mr. Day resolved to take his future bride from the lowest class; destitution was to be one of her credentials; a total reliance on him absolutely indispensable. Scarcely of age, with a powerful form, a thoughtful and somewhat melancholy face, good features, though seamed with the small-pox, he might have attracted many a young belle, or, at any rate, her mother, to view his merits in a fair light. He chose, however, to carry out an experiment, and these were its details, these its localities.

Behold him, first, consulting with a Mr. Bicknell, a barrister in London, and his intimate friend; like himself, too, a man of taintless morals. Next we see the friends travelling down to Shrewsbury, and passing through the wards of the Foundling Hospital in that town. Two little girls, each twelve years old, are selected; one is fair—an Anglo-Saxon beauty—with flaxen hair and blue eyes. The little creature is christened "Lucretia." The other has dark auburn, or, rather, chestnut tresses, a clear, dark complexion, a blooming cheek. She is forthwith styled "Sabrina."

Certain written conditions satisfied the hospital committee; they were these:—Within a twelve-month one of the children should be given into the protection of some respectable tradeswoman, bound apprentice, with a fee of one hundred pounds; on her marriage, if she behaved well, four hundred pounds were to be added to this modest *dot*. The girl who should be retained, was to be carefully educated, and, if Mr. Day should not marry her himself, she was to have five hundred pounds as her marriage portion. Having arranged this, Mr. Day carried off his little wards to France. They were to receive no ideas except from him; no servant, French or English, was to approach them.

Of course they nearly drove him mad. They had the small-pox, and they cried and screamed incessantly; they quarrelled; they kept him for nights sitting by their bedside; our philosopher began to feel and to perceive the realities of life; especially when crossing the Rhine on a stormy day—the boat was upset. He rescued his wards by his expertness as a swimmer; but, perhaps, had they gone to the bottom, much trouble to all parties would have been avoided.

We next see him at Lichfield; it was spring. Those flat, dewy meadows, in which the city stands, were all besprent with flowers; the Trent meandered through fringes of the bog ranunculus; the purple hue of the trees which precedes their bursting forth into one universal green, was disappearing. There are some delicious spots near this cathedral town, and one of these is Stowe Vale; in this spot Mr. Day took up his residence. But to his mind, disdainful even of the luxuries which Nature herself proffers to us, it was not Stowe's vernal loveliness, nor holy thoughts centreing around Lichfield's Gothic spires, nor reverence for Samuel Johnson, who still visited his native place, nor a wish to court the country families clustering around: it was the communion of minds like his own which tempted him to Stowe Vale.

Like his own! Yes; there was Richard Lovell Edgeworth—a young, gay-hearted man, yet imbued with the philosophy which Day esteemed above all others: the philosophy of Hume and Adam Smith. Day sternly carried out his principles; Edgeworth dashed into them the Epicurean tincture which accorded with his worldly, pleasant nature. There was Darwin, who, when his son was found immersed in the Derwent—dead—a suicide—had nothing more passionate on his lips than these terrible words, "poor insane coward!"—Darwin, who, shortly before his death, when his wife, trembling at his coming doom, wept at the thought of their approaching separation, had nothing better to console her with than to bid her to remember "that she was the wife of a philosopher." And there were canons, and prebends, and rectors, and [illegible] There, tending an aged father, [illegible] Seward, and there, by her side, grew [illegible] to loveliness and [illegible] was planted.

For successive generations the [illegible] Staffordshire have been [illegible] in the person of a collateral [illegible] this family stock in Paris, [illegible] ladies was in a blaze [illegible] of faces was observed [illegible] physiognomies [illegible] cheeks. The sudden [illegible] courage highly placed; the [illegible] mothers; the quick Spanish [illegible] one less fair; yet more interesting [illegible] *belle*; the tale of fruitless [illegible] erasure of that one name from the [illegible]—are they not written, [illegible] cles, in the memory of all who passed the winter of 1858 in Paris? Honora [illegible] the beloved of the ill-fated Andre, had been placed by her father, a widower, with [illegible] Seward, not only for education, but to be introduced to society. She [illegible] loving preceptress has recorded, "all the graces." Happily she was not too [illegible] minded. She was intellectual, [illegible] character, and fascinating in conversation. Parental authority had dissolved an [illegible] engagement between her and Major André. He was fighting, with her image in his heart, in America, when Mr. Day arrived at Stowe Vale, and became one of the coterie around Anna Seward.

Mr. Day soon yielded to the charms which seem to have captivated all who approached Honora. He offered her his hand. She refused it—but the refusal was softened by assuring him that she wished she could love him. She even owned she had tried to do so, but she could not school her heart to the stern effort. Day then turned his attention towards Elizabeth, the pretty, lively younger sister of Honora. "Countless degrees," Miss Seward tells us, "inferior to the endowed and adorned Honora." Elizabeth's answer was more propitious than that of her sister. Had Mr. Day's manner and address been less singular she could, she believed, have even loved him. But he was so unlike all the world; he was so eccentric, so austere, so uncompromising!

Day laid the lesson to his heart, and then set off to Paris to be modelled into a gentleman. He gave himself up to dancing and fencing masters. He stood for an hour two a day in frames and back-boards; he screwed back his shoulders, though not inflicted with a Colonel Bentinck, to endure the agony. He learnt to point his toe, he assumed the military gait, he practised the fashionable bow, and came out in minuets and cotillons. He then hastened back to Lichfield and Elizabeth Sneyd, telling her that he was no longer Thomas Day, "blackguard," but Thomas Day, "fine gentleman."

But alas! the philosopher was spoiled, and the fine gentleman was a mere caricature, and Elizabeth, even Elizabeth, shrank back at his addresses. Three years afterwards, Honora married the young widower, Mr. Edgeworth, and, at her death, Elizabeth became her sister's successor, and the third wife of that clever, desultory, garrulous man. So there closed Day's hopes, as far as the lovely Sneyds were concerned.—Meantime, Mr. Day had been carrying on his experiments on the hapless little Sabrina. She was to be formed on the model of Arria, or of Portia, or Cornelia; she was never to shrink from pain. On this principle her benefactor dropped scalding sealing-wax on her arms, and was scandalised to see her weep. He fired pistols at her petticoats, and she screamed. When he told her of invented danger to himself, and made her understand that his confidence was of the utmost moment, he found that she could not keep the secret, but let out these fictitious conspiracies to her playfellows.—Then Day was in despair, but still more so when it became obvious that Sabrina could never, would never, endure study, nor attain that intellectual prowess that would become the mother of Gracchi. And, meantime, all the faults of this benighted capacity were daily and hourly contrasted with the ready apprehension, the progressing mind, the sensibility, the companionableness of the beautiful Honora and the engaging Elizabeth Sneyd. Has not Madame Charles Reyband, in her "*Deux Marguerites*," consciously or unconsciously drawn the portraiture of Thomas Day, and illustrated by that beautiful story the error of his life? Be this, however, as it may, she has painted admirably the impossibility of raising an uneducated and common mind to the standard of one improved by training, and gifted by nature. At all events the process must begin early, almost in infancy, besides which there is something in *race*.

Miss Edgeworth has depicted, it is allowed, Day's opinions and manners in her "Forester," but she has touched her portrait with a too restraining hand. Either Day's nature was hardened by his principles, or his nature assimilated too readily with his unnatural and impracticable convictions. There is a want of social chivalry

is his conduct to Sabrina, and we peruse the contrite statements of Miss Seward with regret.

After fixing on her husband's and dropping sailing was on her arms for a year, and Sabrina found that his experiments were forever. Sabrina began to fear him exceedingly. During poor Mrs. Day's dwelling continual conjecture why she was thus denied, married, maintained, and patronized by her self-appointed guardian? Did her girlish heart yearn in wistful fancy to the Old Lodge — for her, her widowed parents, with a yearning for something less philosophical and more tender than the training process of Thomas Day? Did it ever occur to her that the pedant's bevel, where, on the very threshold, the education element, might be more congenial to her than all the luxuries and comforts of Stowe Vale? How the heart turns the heavy not; and she did not love her protector sufficiently to confirm to-all strange vote from affection the case we studied.

Humbled, rather than convinced, Mr. Day abandoned his attempt; and lo! Stowe Vale is deserted. The close pond before it (near, we learn, filled up) no longer reflects Sabrina's girlish image. No longer is the scan finding for her life into you wood from the pistol's aim. No longer, vainly trying to compass a Latin declension, or to solve the pepperbox in Euclid. She is away to school —a common-place school in a common-place town, Sutton Coldfield, in Warwickshire—and is *en route* to become a useful, sensible, and even elegant young woman, upon the old-world principles of education. After remaining three years at school, she resided in various families, paying a board, for Day then allowed her fifty pounds a year. He corresponded with her, "paternally," as Miss Seward expresses it, and resigned her when she had attained the age of twenty-five to a better protection than his own.

Mr. Bicknell, the barrister, who, with Mr. Day, had become a surety to the governors of the Foundling Hospital at Shrewsbury for the young Sabrina, offered her his hand. She accepted it, without love. Though she did not exactly adopt Mrs. Malaport's advice—"to begin with a little aversion"—she performed her part well. Mr. Day gave her a *dot* of five hundred pounds, with these ungracious words:—

"I do not refuse my *consent* to your marrying Mr. Bicknell; but remember, you have not asked my *advice*."

She married, and was happy. After six years, however, Mr. Bicknell was carried off by a paralytic stroke, leaving Sabina destitute, with two sons. Mr. Day then said he would allow her thirty pounds a year, to assist her in the efforts she would, he expected, make for her own maintenance. To this was added the sum of eight hundred pounds, raised among the profession to which Mr. Bicknell had belonged. Having done this, Mr. Day dismissed the child whom he had brought out of obscurity from his remembrance—just as a chemist throws away the dross of any substance in which he has made a fruitless experiment.

Sabina, however, rose above fortune. She became the housekeeper, assistant, and friend of Dr. Charles Burney, whose large school at Greenwich formed so many youths for an honorable career. Her kindliness, her fresh though matronly beauty, her sympathy of character, endeared her to the boys, who loved her all the better that she was not at all Spartan. Her name did not appear in Mr. Day's will, but she continued during her whole life to receive from his widow the annuity he had so sparingly allowed her.

The philosopher eventually married an infatuated young lady, named Mills. Young, elegant, handsome, rich, and well-born, Esther Mills accepted proposals to which were affixed the following conditions:—All that the world calls pleasure, luxury, ostentation, were to be given up once and for ever; even society was to be limited to a chosen few, and after the absolute wants of existence were satisfied, the rest of their ample fortunes was to be devoted to the poor. Esther gladly, we are told, complied, and Thomas Day found at last a wife shaped on his own plan. They retired into the country. Self-sacrifice began at the church door: no carriage, no lady's-maid, no luxury, were allowed. The harpsichord—which Esther played excellently well,—was to be silent; it was trivial to love music. Constant experiments were made on Esther's temper. Her attachment was put to a severe test—she wept, but murmured not. Yet, as her fortune was wholly settled on herself, she had the power, as her husband reminded her, of withdrawing and living alone.

Ten years did this childless union subsist. It was dissolved, not in the Consistorial Court, as one might have expected, but by one of Mr. Day's unfruitful experiments. Though hard upon women and children, he was indulgent to animals. He thought highly, for instance, of the native qualities of horses, and believed that, when they were absent, ill usage was the cause. He reared, he fed, he tamed a favorite foal. He attempted to accustom it to the bit himself; he rejected the aid of a horse-breaker, and attempted to break it himself. The animal, less patient than Sabrina, less devoted than Esther, threw him, and kicked him in the head. Death instantly ensued.

Peculiar, and mistaken, and hard as he was, Thomas Day had one heart at all events devoted to him. His friends, it is said, at once loved, and somewhat disapproved of, him. His wife adored after his death to see the light of day; during these hours when the sun gladdens our fair earth she remained in bed, no gleam allowed to penetrate through her curtains. At night she arose, and wandered through her garden in the gloom in spectral sorrow. At length these nocturnal and unwholesome regrets ended, as might be expected, in her death. She survived her husband only two years.

AT THE SEA-SIDE.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

Oh, solitary shining sea
That ripples in the sun,
Oh, gray and melancholy sea,
O'er which the shadows run;

Oh, many-voiced and angry sea,
Breaking with moan and strain,—
I, like a humble, chastened child,
Come back to thee again;

And build child castles and dig moats
Upon the quiet sands,
And twist the cliff-convolvulus
Once more, round idle hands;

And look across that ocean line,
As o'er life's Summer sea,
Where many a hope went sailing once,
Full set, with canvas free.

Strange, strange to think how some of them
Their silver sails have furled,
And some have whitely gilded down
Into the under world;

And some, dismasted, tossed and torn,
Put back in port once more,
Thankful to ride, with freight still safe,
At anchor near the shore.

Stranger it is to lie at ease
As now, with thoughts that fly
More light and wandering than sea birds
Between the waves and sky:

To play child's play with shells and weeds,
And view the ocean grand
But as one wave that may submerge
A baby-house of sand;

And not once look, or look by chance,
With old dreams quite suppress'd,
Across that mystic wild sea-world
Of infinite unrest.

Oh, ever solitary sea,
Of which we all have found
Somewhat to dream or say—the type
Of things without a bound—

Love, long as life, and strong as death;
Faith, humble as sublime;
Eternity, whose large depths hold
The wrecks of this small Time;—

Unchanging, everlasting sea!
To spirits soothed and calm
Thy restless moan of other years
Becomes an endless psalm.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

By the Author of "Aurora Floyd," "Lady Audley's Secret," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MAURICE DE CRESPIGNY'S WILL.

Richard Thornton folded the pencil sketch and put it in his pocket with the water-colored drawing.

"I told you that Launcelot Darrell would make a confidant of his pencil," he said in a low voice. "We may as well tie up the portfolio, Mrs. Monckton; there will be nothing more in it that can help us. The memory of your father would scarcely be pleasant to this young man after the 12th of August. When he made this sketch he had yet to learn the consequences of what he had done."

Eleanor stood behind the scene-painter's chair, silent and motionless. Her face was pale, and her mouth compressed and rigid with the effort by which she controlled her agitation. But a flame of fire burned in her luminous gray eyes, and her delicate nostrils quivered with a convulsive movement. Mr. Thornton carefully replaced the sketches in the purple portfolio, tied the strings, and laid the book in its old place against the wall. Then, unfastening the green portfolio, he went rapidly through the landscape scraps, which it contained.

"The hand is weak here," Richard said; "Mr. Launcelot Darrell has no sympathy with nature. He might be a clever figure-painter if he had as much perseverance as he has talents. His pictures are like himself; shallow, artificial, and meretricious; but they are clever."

The scene-painter said this with a purpose. He knew that Eleanor stood behind him, erect and statuesque, with her hand grasping the back of his chair, a pale Nemesis bent on revenge and destruction. He wanted, if possible, to let her down to commonplace feeling, by his commonplace talk, before Launcelot Darrell saw her face. But, looking round at that pale, young face, Richard saw how terrible was the struggle in the girl's breast, and how likely she was at any moment to betray herself.

"Eleanor," he whispered, "if you want to carry this business to the end, you must keep your secret. Launcelot Darrell is coming this way. Remember that an artist is quick to observe. There is the plot of a tragedy in your face at this moment."

Mrs. Monckton tried to smile; but the attempt was very feeble; the smile was dead sickly. Launcelot Darrell came to the curtained recess, but he was not alone; Laura Mason came with him, talking very fast, and asking innumerable questions; now turning to her lover, now appealing to Eleanor or Richard Thornton.

"What a time you've been looking over the sketches," she said, "and how do you like them, and which do you like best? Do you like the seaside bits, or the finest sketches? There's a picture of Tolldale with the cupids and the dinner-bell, Eleanor; I like the sketches in the portfolio best; Launcelot lets me look at them, though he won't allow any one else to see them. But I don't like Rosa. I'm terribly jealous of Rosa—yes, I am, Launcelot; and it's not a bit of use telling me you were never in love with her, and you only admired her because she was a pretty rustic model. Nobody in the world could believe that, could they, Mr. Thornton? Could they, Eleanor? When an artist paints the same face again and again, and again and again, he must be in love with the original; mustn't he now?"

Nobody answered the young lady's eager questions. Launcelot Darrell smiled and twisted his dark moustache between his slender, womanish fingers. Laura's unrestrained admiration of him was very agreeable; and he was beginning to be in love with her after his own fashion, which was a very easy one.

Eleanor looked at her husband's ward with a strange expression in her face—a stern, unpitying gaze that promised little good to the young heiress.

"What is this foolish girl's fancy to me, that it should weigh against my father's death?" she thought. "What is it to me that she may have to suffer? Let me remember the bitterness of his sufferings; let me remember that long night upon which I watched for him,—that miserable night in which he despaired and died. Surely the remembrance of this will shut every thought of pity from my heart."

Perhaps Eleanor Monckton had need to reason with herself thus. It might be difficult to be true to her scheme of vengeance, when in the path she had to tread, this girl's heart must be trampled upon; this innocent, childish, confiding little creature who had clung to her, and trusted in her, and loved her, from the hour of their first meeting.

"Should I be pitiful, or merciful, or just to her, if I suffered her to marry a bad man?" Mrs. Monckton asked herself. "No—for her sake as much as for the memory of my father, it is my duty to denounce Launcelot Darrell."

Throughout the drive back to Tolldale, Mrs. Monckton silently brooded upon the morning's work. Richard Thornton had indeed proved a powerful ally. How often she had been in that studio, and not once had the idea of looking amongst the artist's sketches for the evidence of his life occurred to her.

"I told you that you could help me, Richard," she said, when she found herself alone with the scene-painter. "You have given me the proof which I have waited for so long. I will go to Woodlands to-night."

"What for?"

"To show those two sketches to Mr. de Crespigny."

"But will that proof be strong enough to convince a man whose powers of perception must be weakened by age? What if Mr. de Crespigny should fail to understand the evidence of those sketches?—What if he should refuse to believe your accusation of his nephew?"

"I will show him my father's letter."

"You forget that your father's letter accuses Robert Lance, and not Launcelot Darrell."

"But the sketches are signed 'Robert Lance.'"

"And Mr. Darrell may deny his identity with the man who signed himself by that name. You cannot ask Maurice de Crespigny to believe in his nephew's guilt on the testimony of a pencil drawing which that nephew may boldly repudiate. No, Eleanor, the work of to-day is only one step upon the road we have to tread. We must be patient, and wait for more conclusive proof than that which we hold in these two sketches."

Eleanor sighed wearily.

"And in the meantime the 15th of March may come, or Mr. de Crespigny may die," she said. "Oh, let me go to him at once; let me tell him who I am, and show him my father's letter; let me tell him the cruel story of his old friend's death! He knows nothing but that which he learned from a brief notice in a newspaper. He *cannot* refuse to believe me."

Richard Thornton shook his head.

"You have asked me to help you, Eleanor," he said, gravely; "if I am to do so, you must have some faith in my counsel. Wait until we have fuller power to prove our case, before you reveal yourself to Mr. de Crespigny."

Mrs. Monckton could not very well refuse to submit herself to the scene-painter's guidance. He had already most decidedly demonstrated the superiority of his diplomatic ability, as compared with the impulsive and unconsidered course of action recklessly followed by a headstrong girl.

"I must obey you, Dick," Eleanor said, "because you are so good to me, and have done so much to prove that you are a great deal wiser than I am. But if Mr. de Crespigny should die while we are waiting for further proof, I—"

"You'll blame me for his death, I suppose, Mrs. Monckton," interrupted Richard, with a quiet smile, "after the manner of your sex!"

Eleanor had no little difficulty in obeying her counsellor, for when Gilbert Monckton met his wife at dinner, he told her that he had been at Woodlands that morning, and that her friend Maurice de Crespigny was daily growing weaker, and was not expected to live through the early spring months.

"The old man is fading slowly away," the lawyer said. "His quiet and temperate habits have enabled him to hold out much longer than the doctors expected. It is like the gradual going out of a candle, they say. The flame sinks little by little in the socket. You must go and see the poor old man, Eleanor, before he dies."

"Before he dies!" repeated Mrs. Monckton, "before he dies! Do you think he will die very soon, then, or suddenly?"

"Yes, I think he may go off suddenly at last. The medical men say as much, I understand."

Eleanor looked at Richard Thornton.

"I must see him, and must see him before he dies," she said. "In his mind unimpaired, Gilbert? In his intellect still as clear as it was a week ago?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Monckton, "I have every reason to believe so; for while I was talking to the two ladies in the breakfast-parlor, Henry Lawford, the Windsor attorney, came in, and asked me to go up to Mr. de Crespigny's room. What do you think I was wanted for, Eleanor?"

"I have no idea."

"I was wanted to act as witness to the old man's will, in conjunction with Lawford's clerk. I need scarcely tell you I was not a little astonished to find that Maurice de Crespigny had only now made up his mind as to the disposal of his money. I suppose he has made half a dozen wills, and destroyed one after another according to his humor. I only hope the maiden sisters may get a decent reward for their long years of patience and expectation."

Eleanor's trembling fingers trifled nervously with the ornaments at her watch chain. It was with difficulty that she could control her agitation.

"But to whom is the fortune left?" she asked, breathlessly. "Did you hear that, Gilbert?"

"No, my dear, it isn't usual to make the witness to a will acquainted with the body of the deed. I saw poor Maurice de Crespigny execute his feeble autograph, and I put my own muscular-looking signature in the place indicated to me, and I asked no questions. It was enough for me to know that *I* had no interest in the document."

"But did Mr. de Crespigny say nothing—nothing that could lead you to guess who—"

"Mr. de Crespigny said nothing whatever calculated to throw any light upon his intentions. He seemed relieved by the idea that his will was made and the business settled. Lawford wanted to carry off the document, but the old man insisted on keeping it in his possession. He wished to look over it, he said. He wanted to see if his intentions had been fully carried out, in the spirit as well as in the letter. He put the parchment under his pillow, and then laid down with an air of satisfaction. I dare say he has gone through the same little comedy again and again before to-day."

"Perhaps he will destroy this will?" Eleanor said, thoughtfully.

There was a double danger of Launcelot Darrell's getting the fortune. He would get it if it was bequeathed to him. He would take it as heir-at-law if his great-uncle died without a will.

"Yes," Mr. Monckton answered, indifferently, "the old man may change his mind again, if he lives long enough to repent of this new will. But I doubt his surviving so long as to do that."

"And have you no idea, Gilbert,—have you no idea as to whom the fortune is left?"

Mr. Monckton smiled.

"This is a question that concerns you, Laura," he said, "a great deal more nearly than it does us."

"What question?" asked Miss Mason, looking up from an elaborate piece of embroidery which she had been showing to Signora Picirillo.

"We are talking of Mr. de Crespigny's fortune, my dear; you are interested in the disposal of that, are you not?"

"Oh yes, of course," answered the young lady, "I ought to be interested for Launcelot's sake, I know; and I know that he ought to have the fortune, and that nobody has any right to deprive him of it, especially those nasty old maids who had him sent to India against his will, and I dare say he will have horrid pains in his liver from the climate when he's older. Of course he ought to have the fortune, and yet sometimes I think it would be nicer for him to be poor. Then he would have to work, you know, and try to get on in the world, and pay the hotel bills, and did travelling expenses, and all that sort of thing, out of my own money, then have him a country gentleman. I shouldn't like him to be a country gentleman; he'd have to hunt, and wear top-boots and nasty leather gaiters, like a common ploughman, when he went out shooting. I hate country gentlemen. Eyebrow's one country gentleman in all the parish, and that horrid husband to Lodsley Hall will show you what an opinion Tenny has of them."

Miss Mason went back to the figures on the embroidery, satisfied with having established the badness in her own opinion.

"He couldn't look like the Greeks if he had Woodlands," she murmured, presently; "he'd have to starve half the winter if they made him a gentleman. What would be the good of his taking pictures to purchasers if he were ground down with land taxes and house-breakers round his neck? Private people never support him unless he was a dog, with county boots and thousands hanging to his watch-chain."

Eleanor pushed the question still further.

"You think that Mr. de Crespigny has left his fortune to Launcelot Darrell, don't you, Gilbert?" she asked.

Her husband, prompted by the evil spirit that was his constant companion, looked at her, gather meditatively, but her eyes met his own with an unflinching gaze.

"Why are you so interested in this fortune, and in Launcelot Darrell?" he said.

"I will tell you by-and-by. But tell me now, if you think the estate is left to Mr. Darrell?"

"I think it scarcely unlikely that it is so. The fact of Maurice de Crespigny making a fresh will within six months of the young man's return home, looks rather as if he had been led to relent of some previous determination by the presence of his nephew."

"But Mr. de Crespigny has seen very little of Launcelot Darrell."

"Perhaps not," answered Mr. Monckton, coldly. "I may be quite wrong in my conjecture. You ask for my opinion, and I give it you freely. Pray let us change the subject. I hate the idea of all this speculation as to who shall stand in a dead man's shoes. As far as Launcelot Darrell's interests are concerned, I really think there is an undercurrent of common sense in Laura's romantic talk. He may be all the better for being a poor man. He may be all the better for having to go to Italy and work at his art for a few years."

Mr. Monckton looked sharply at his young wife as he said this. I rather think that the demon familiar had prompted this speech; and that the lawyer watched Eleanor's face in the desire to discover whether there was anything unpleasant to her in the idea of Launcelot Darrell's long absence from his native country.

But, clever as Gilbert Monckton was, the mystery of his wife's face was as yet beyond his power to read. He watched her in vain. The pale and thoughtful countenance told nothing to the man who wanted the master key by which alone its expression could be read.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

RICHARD'S DISCOVERY.

An almost ungovernable impulse prompted Eleanor Monckton to make her way at once into Maurice de Crespigny's sick-chamber, and say to him,

"Launcelot Darrell is the wretch who caused your old friend's cruel death. I call upon you, by the memory of the past, to avenge that old friend's bitter wrongs!"

The struggle was a terrible one, but discretion in the end triumphed, and Eleanor submitted herself to the guidance of her devoted slave and ally. She knew now that Launcelot Darrell was guilty; but she had known that from the moment in which she had seen him lounging in the Windsor Street. The task that lay before her was to procure such proof as must be convincing to the old man. In spite of her impetuous desire for immediate action, Eleanor was compelled to acknowledge that the testimony of the sketch-book was not strong enough in itself to condemn Launcelot Darrell.

The young man's answer to any accusation brought against him on such evidence would be simple enough.

Nothing would be easier than for him to say, "My name is not Robert Lance. The drawing abstracted by unfair means from my portfolio is not mine. I am not responsible for the actions of the man who made that sketch."

And against this simple declaration there would be nothing but Eleanor's unsupported assertion of the identity between the two men.

There was nothing to be done, then, except to follow Richard Thornton's advice, and wait.

This waiting was very weak work. Estranged from her husband by the secret of her life,—unhappy in the society of Laura Mason, against whose happiness she felt that she was, in a manner, plotting; restrained and ill at ease even in the familiar companionship of Eliza Picirillo,—Eleanor Monckton wandered about the great ram-

bling old house, and through the dreary, dismal garden, like a restless spirit. Her husband's absence was a relief to her, for she could not endure his presence. She had married him for his money, and she is sorry for what she has done, now perhaps when the eye of poor Laura's wedding day, there will be a repetition of the scene that took place at Lucknow eighteen years ago. This was the manner of meditation to which Mr. Monckton abandoned himself when the black mood was upon him.

All this time Launcelot Darrell came backwards and forwards between Richmond and Tolldale, after the free-and-easy manner of an accepted lover, who feels that, whatever advantages he may obtain by the matrimonial treaty which he is about to form, his own transcendent merits are so far above every meaner consideration as to render the lady the gainer by the bargain.

He came, therefore, whenever it pleased him to come. Now dawdling away a morning over the piano with Laura Mason; now playing billiards with Richard Thornton, who associated with him as it were under protest, hating him most cordially all the time.

"The detectives must have a hard time of it," reflected Mr. Thornton, after one of these mornings. "Imagine having to hob-and-nob with a William Palmer, on the chance of his dropping out a word or two that might help to bring him to the gallows. The profession is extremely honorable, no doubt, but I don't think it can be a very pleasant one. I fancy, upon the whole, a muddy crossing and a good broom must be more agreeable to a man's feelings."

The 15th of February came, dark, cold, and dreary, and Eleanor reminded the scene-painter that only one month now remained before the day appointed for Laura's marriage. That young lady, absorbed among a chaos of ribbons and laces, silks and velvets, had ceased to feel any jealousy of her guardian's wife. Her lover's easy acceptance of her devotion was sufficient for her happiness. What should the Corsair do but twist his black moustachios and permit Medora to worship him?

It was on this very 15th of February that, for the first time since the visit to Launcelot Darrell's studio, Mr. Richard Thornton made a discovery.

It was not a very important one, perhaps, nor did it bear directly upon the secret of the artist's life, but it was something.

The scene-painter left Tolldale soon after breakfast upon this bleak February day, in a light dog-cart which Mr. Monckton placed at the disposal of such of his guests who might wish to explore the neighboring country. He did not return until dusk, and broke in upon Eleanor's solitude at the shadows were gathering outside the window of the room in which she sat. He found his old companion alone in a little morning-room, next her husband's study. She was sitting on a low stool by the hearth, her head resting on her hands, and the red firelight on her face; her attitude altogether expressive of care and despondency.

The door of communication between Gilbert Monckton's study and the room in which Eleanor sat was closed.

The girl started and looked up as Richard Thornton opened the door. The day had been wet as well as cold; drops of rain and sleet hung about the young man's rough great-coat, and he brought a damp and chilly atmosphere into the room. Eleanor took very little notice of his return.

"Is it you, Richard?" she said, absently.

"Yes, Mrs. Monckton, I have been out all day; I have been to Windsor."

"Yes, I saw Lancelot Darrell there."

"Lancelot Darrell! Lancelot Darrell!" repeated Mrs. Mountjoy, in a whisper; "do you mean to say, Richard," she added, suddenly, and with a look of terror, and going to where the boy was sitting, and placing her hand on his shoulder, "do you mean to say that you have been with—"

"I have not been with anyone, Mamma, that you would not be pleased that you have been with Mr. de Crespigny, when you sent him to dinner with me. But I have been with Lancelot Darrell."

"I feel a shudder, I feel a shudder!" said Mrs. Mountjoy, with exaggerated emphasis; "do not speak loudly, Dick," she added, in a hurried whisper, "my husband is in the next room. I sit with him sometimes when he is at work there with his law papers, but I can't help thinking that my presence annoys him. He is not the same to me that he used to be. Oh, Richard, Richard, I feel as if I was divided from every creature in the world, except you! I can trust you, for you know my secret. When will this end?"

"Very soon, my dear, I hope," Mr. Thornton answered, gravely. "There was a time when I urged you to abandon your purpose, Eleanor, but I do so no longer. Lancelot Darrell is a bad man, and the poor little girl with the blue eyes and flaxen ringlets must not be suffered to fall into his power."

"No, no, not for the world. But you have made some discovery to-day, Richard?"

"I think so. You remember what Mr. Monckton told us the other day. You remember his telling us that Mr. de Crespigny had only that day made his will?"

"Yes, I remember it perfectly."

"Lance Mason was present when her guardian told us this. It is only natural she should tell Lancelot Darrell what had happened."

"She tells him everything; she would be sure, to tell him that."

"Precisely, and Mr. Darrell has not been slow to act upon the hint."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that Lancelot Darrell has been guilty of the baseness of bribing Mr. Lawford's clerk, in order to find out the secret of the contents of that will."

"How do you know this?"

"I discovered it by the merest chance. You owe me no praise, Eleanor. I begin to think that the science of detection is, after all, very weak and imperfect; and that the detective officer owes many of his greatest triumphs to patience, and a series of happy accidents. Yes, Eleanor, Mr. Darrell's eagerness, or avarice, whichever you will, would not suffer him to wait until his great-uncle's death. He was determined to know the contents of that will; and, whatever the knowledge has cost him, I fancy he is passively satisfied with his bargain."

"Why?"

"Because I believe that he is disinherited."

There was a noise as of the movement of a heavy chair in the next room.

"Hush," Eleanor whispered; "my husband is going to dress for dinner."

A bell rang while she was speaking, and Richard heard the door of the next room opened and shut. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Item Which Every Man Should Read.

We have probably all of us met with instances in which a word heedlessly spoken against the reputation of a female has been magnified by malicious minds until the cloud has become dark enough to overshadow her whole existence. To those who are accustomed—not necessarily from bad motives, but from thoughtlessness—to speak lightly of females, we recommend these "hints" as worthy of consideration:—"Never use a lady's name in an improper place, at an improper time, or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think are untrue, or allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of the community—men lost to every sense of honor—every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined and her heart broken by a lie, manufactured by some villain, and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify as it circulates until its monstrous weight crushes the poor unconscious victim. Respect the name of woman, for your mother and sisters are women; and as you would have their fair name untarnished, and their lives unembittered by the slanderer's biting tongue, heed the ill that your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister, or the wife, of some fellow creature."

☞ A Western editor was lately shot in an affray. Luckily the ball came against a bundle of unpaid accounts in his pocket. Gunpowder couldn't get through that.

☞ Punishment for His Country.—A chap aged 23 down in Connecticut, after the passage of the Conscription Act, got married to evade the draft. His new says, if he can't get a divorce he will enlist, or, if he must be drafted, he would rather do so for his country. This fellow has evidently made a mistake matrimonially.

THE UNITED STATES MILITIA LAW.

To be taken from home, business and friends, and to be forced into the ranks of an army, may not be a pleasant necessity with many men, but it is a contingency which each American citizen inherits from his birth. Every man is born subject to certain social and political conditions, and he has no more right to complain of those obligations than he has to complain because death must some day rob his body of vitality. All nations, in all times, have asserted their right to the military service of their able-bodied population, and in no country would the plea that such service is undesirable be allowed.

It seems to be supposed that the draft of militia, ordered by the President under the late Act of Congress, is something arbitrary and unprecedented, and we have even seen statements in journals pretending to be respectable, that what is called the "Conscription Law" is an atrocious piece of tyranny, which is now for the first time attempted in this country. This assertion every one who has any knowledge of American history knows to be grossly false. In the Revolutionary war the American army was constantly replenished by drafts upon the population. Washington's letters are filled with references to the militia, and complaints that the term of service was entirely too short. The army was frequently weakened by the expiration of the terms of service of large bodies of drafted troops, and the fact that the war languished through seven years is to be ascribed to the circumstance that the militia levies were for short terms, more than to any other cause.

In the war of 1812 drafts of militia were called for and furnished in most of the states. There was no suspicion that these levies were unconstitutional, unjust or infamous, as it is said in some quarters the present drafts under militia law are. There were volunteers in the second war with Great Britain, and there were volunteers in the Revolution, but those troops, although serviceable, were not the mainstay of the army. After all, the national reliance was upon the militia, and to the services of the militia every nation which does not constantly keep up a large standing army must confidently look for the material necessary for military service.

The power to create, discipline and call forth the militia is plainly set forth in the Constitution. Section eighth, article first, says that Congress shall have power "to provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States;" also, "to provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections and repel invasion;" also, "to provide for organizing, arming and disciplining the militia, and for governing such part of them as may be employed in the service of the United States, reserving to the states respectively the appointment of officers and the authority of training the militia according to the discipline prescribed by Congress."

From these quotations it must appear that the Constitutional power of Congress to pass a Militia Act, or a Conscription Act—if that title is preferred in speaking of what is really a militia law—is clear and indisputable.

At a very early period Congress passed "conscription laws" infinitely more severe than that which is now in force. By the Act of May 8th, 1792, every free able-bodied white male citizen of the states between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years, was declared to be liable to military service. Furthermore, it was the duty of every militiaman to furnish himself, *at his own expense*, with a good musket, a bayonet and belt, two spare flints, a knapsack, a pouch and cartridge-box; or with a rifle, knapsack, shot-pouch and powder-horn, twenty balls, and quarter of a pound of powder.—There were a few exemptions under this law of persons holding public office, and the states were granted power to make further exemptions. But in no case did the exemptions, either Federal or State, take as wide a range as they do under the late Act of Congress. In those days a drafted militiaman saw no escape from service except in procuring a substitute, and the price which he might have to pay for that representative was probably higher than $500. In fact, exemption has been in all previous wars an uncommon exception, and the militia system was rigorous and severe.—*Philadelphia Dispatch.*

GOOD TEETH.

A correspondent of the Home Journal says:—

Speaking of teeth, did you ever think of what inestimable value is a sound, well-formed set of teeth to man, and more especial to woman, what influence they have upon the character, often through life? Independent of their animal uses, the *moral* effect is greater than most persons suppose. For instance, take two young girls of fifteen; say, the one with beautiful teeth, the other with a very defective set. We will suppose they have equal beauty of person, and are equal in all intellectual endowments. You will find a vast difference in the development of character as they mature into womanhood. The one with splendid teeth will soon know that her teeth are the admiration of all, and we are apt to dwell upon whatever we are most admired for! She will count every opportunity to show her teeth; ready to smile, and laugh, and be gay; while the other, unfortunate, will be constantly told of her misfortune! "What a beautiful girl; but such teeth!" She, unlike the more fortunate one, will try to conceal her teeth, will laugh as seldom as possible; and, when she does laugh, it is a suppressed laugh—a sort of pucker of the lips; and, if she is constrained to laugh outright, she will contrive some means of hiding her teeth, with her hand or her fan. She much prefers grave subjects for conversation, while the other is a rollicking, fruitlessome lassie! Both are thinking always of their teeth!

I have come to this conclusion; that, if parents would devote more time and care to the preservation of the teeth of their young ones, and less time and expense in *saving* them in costly gewgaws, it would be a great blessing—the one a lasting blessing, the other, offence, a lasting injury.

What a dissertation! But I speak *feelingly* on the subject. My loss I feel, at every meal!

EUGENIE'S HAIR.

The Paris Correspondent of the London Court Journal thus chats of the Empress, who is entertaining her friends at Fontainbleau:—"The Empress moves with the greatest ease and grace from one group to another. She joins for a moment in the remarks of each, and no sooner has she withdrawn, than she herself becomes the subject of observation, and with one common wail do the ladies burst into exclamations of disapprobation at the experiment which her Majesty had been induced by ill-advised friends to try; that of revivifying her hair, which had ever since the autumn manifested a tendency to turn pale and fade, the colors which once shone so brilliantly among the thick golden plaits and tresses no longer suiting the *nuance* to which the hair has changed, consequently the blues had to become paler and the mauves much lighter, while the stronger violet and pompeau, once so becoming, were found no longer admissible. Accordingly, the court hair-dresser set about trying his skill in revivifying, promising upon his honor that the preparation he employed should neither act as a dye nor as a destroyer of the hair. What, then, was the painful surprise at beholding the change which a few employments of the drug had accomplished? From the beautiful golden color we all were wont to greet with so much enthusiasm, it had become a dark auburn, from a dark auburn it was fast declining into a deep brown. Nothing could be more unbecoming than this tint to her Majesty's complexion, and it is hoped that by ceasing to use the preparation, and reducing the color by a soda mixture, composed for the express purpose, the natural *nuance* will soon be restored."

☞ When the dove, says an Arabic legend, came back to the ark, its feet were covered with red mud. Noah prayed that they might always be red, and they have remained so till this day.

How many a man in frantic play
Has thrown his pearl of price away,
Like Egypt's wanton queen, who quaffed
A monarch's ransom at a draught,
Dissolved her jewels and her soul
And fair renown in pleasure's bowl,
Transmuted folly into fame,
And gave to Cleopatra's name
An immortality of shame!"

☞ There is a grocer who is said to be so mean that he was seen to catch a fly off his counter, hold him up by the hind legs, and look in at the cracks of his feet to see if he hadn't been stealing some of his best sugar.

☞ A Western genius defines a coquette as a box of snuff, from which every lover takes a pinch. Her husband, fortunate or unfortunate wretch as he may think himself, gets the box—on the ear.

☞ A wit of to-day, upon leaving a church where the psalms had been sung in a very wearisome manner, observed to his companion: "*Now* I know why Saul wanted to kill David."

☞ Obeying merely the letter of the law and not the spirit, is like flattering yourself that you are following the injunction, "Look not upon the wine when it is red," by using liquor of some other color—Jersey lightning, for instance, which is a dirty yellow.

☞ Mr. Ballie Cochrane stated recently in the British House of Commons, that the personal expenditure of the Sultan is £9,600,000 per annum, and he gave some of the items of this enormous expenditure, among which were these:—36 wives, £70,000 a month; 1,780 "other ladies," £18,000 a month; £7,000 per month for certain gentlemen who attend the ladies; £24,000 a month for the kitchen; £80,000 a month for the ladies connected with the seraglio.

☞ A New London man has invented a weapon that may be inserted in the handle of a lady's parasol, and will drive a ball through an inch and a half plank at the distance of ten rods. Steel clad and armed with these parasols, the dear creatures would be invulnerable.

☞ Andrew Jackson Davis, the seer, says that Stonewall Jackson has been converted to abolitionism in the spiritual world, and has joined John Brown's phalanx of philanthropists.

ANARCHY.

FROM THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES.

There never was a time, certainly never in the history of this country, when it was more important for good men to be astir themselves. There are times when the passivistrines are a mockery. To sit still and do nothing is to be guilty. Silence is crime. Whoever has the ear of his fellowmen, either by the voice or the pen, should make himself heard. The countenance of last week in the city of New York have opened before us a yawning abyss, the horrors of which cannot be too vividly portrayed.

The most frightful and cruel organized despotism that ever existed; is mild and bearable compared to mob rule. What is there in the idea of hell more appalling than the absence of all just restraint, and the uncontrolled dominion of malignant passions? Destroy human government and you make a hell upon earth. Better a thousand times the rule of Nero or Caligula than no rule. The more advanced a people is in wealth, civilization, refinement and elegant culture, the more terrific is a state of anarchy. It is bad enough even in nomadic life, where each one's own arm is his defence for life and property. But imagine every man his own master in a city of eight or nine hundred thousand inhabitants. The heart recoils with horror from the thought. There is no human ill comparable to it. There is no human crime equal to his who brings about such a state of things. It is a crime which includes almost every other black and damning sin,—murder, robbery, lust, demoniac rage, and cruelty at which the blood runs cold. A city given over to be sacked by a brutal soldiery is happy compared to a city given over to a mob. The soldiers have at least a master. The mob has no master. Its leader this hour is its victim the next. It is a surging chaos, in which honor, virtue, refinement, gentleness and purity are swallowed up and lost, while the lowest and most degrading passions rise to the surface.

Nothing so soon loses sight of its original object as a mob. Stirred up originally by some alleged grievance, it speedily forgets its origin, and turns aside to rob and pillage, to burn and kill. As a remedy for any evil, or as an agency for securing any good, no means is so utterly impotent. A mob only fastens the chains of every grievance which it seeks to redress. Government can parley with a mob only as an individual parleys with a madman—to gain time. The proper argument to be addressed to a mob is an organized, irresistible force. When the mob has been once put down, and not before, the causes which led to it may be investigated. Even then it will be found that the difficulties of remedying any real evil have only been increased by the attempt to remedy it through lawless violence. A strong prejudice is necessarily created against any cause which cannot wait the ordinary channels of justice.

When riot reigns, the first duty of every citizen is to sustain the constituted authorities. All party ties must be dropped, and the existing government upheld, no matter how unjust or oppressive it may be. No government can be so bad as the absence of government. The man who at such a time stops to criticise measures of administration, helps to keep the mob alive. So does he who joins the infuriate multitude in the streets through mere curiosity or love of excitement. No mob could ever become formidable but for the presence of these mere idlers. If when a riot is raging, every one not really interested would walk off, the number left would always be so small as to be under the control of the authorities. Whoever, therefore, is present in a mob, is one of them, though only a passive looker on, and is not only in the same danger with others of shot and shell or whatever may be necessary to make them disperse, but is likewise a guilty partaker of their sin. Whenever a mob perambulates the street with deeds of violence and in defiance of law, let it be remembered that every man who walks with them, through mere purposeless indifference, is guilty of a CRIME, more heinous in its effects than ordinary robbery, arson or murder. He is aiding the greatest human evil, and making himself partaker of greatest human wickedness.

Remains of Gigantic Animals.—Russian geologists are making preparations to promote the discovery of congealed remains of mammoth animals in Siberia. It is stated that during the last two centuries at least 20,000 mammoths, and probably twice or thrice that number, have been washed out of the ice and soil in which they were imbedded, by the action of the spring floods. The tusks only have been preserved for their commercial value in ivory. An effort is now to be made for the discovery and preservation of one of these carcases as perfect and entire as possible, as it is considered that microscopic investigation of the contents of its stomach might throw a powerful light on a host of geological and physiological problems.

☞ Henry Ward Beecher says of the fare on the steamer going out to Europe, that he was "not able to speak from much observation, being present but on two days, and then in a veiled and modest way, as one brooding on secret troubles."

☞ A woman has generally so much rigging about her that, for the most part, she is the least part of herself.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES.

A gallant charge of the Pennsylvania Reserves at Gettysburg, is thus described by a correspondent of the Louisville Journal:—

"On our advance into line of battle on the morning of Thursday, July 2nd, we became engaged with several regiments of the 5th Army Corps, and the rebels were so near that one of the guns was already spiked, and abandoned, when our men, rushing on with a shout, entered the fight with a yell and a fierce charge. A regiment of regulars in front were supposing the enemy came from the advancing enemy, broke and ran without firing a shot. Gen. Crawford never having seen our division engaged in a fight before, heard the yell, started, and asked what that meant. A major on his staff, belonging to one of the regiments of the Reserve Corps, remarked, 'Those are our boys; that's the way they go into a fight.' The General made no further remark, and seeing the line of the retirement from the beaver, who was shot in the hand, he waved it over his head and led the charge. This act of his has inspired the men with full confidence in him, and they will do anything he commands of them. It is said by those who were on top of the hill, and could see all, that it was a magnificent sight. When we had driven the rebels beyond the stone wall, the General again appeared in our midst, and cheer upon cheer went up for our success.

"The rebels whom we drove from behind the rocks and captured, were the most frightened beings I ever saw. It was exhibited not only by the privates, but a captured major, who was placed in charge of our colonel, asked what would be done with him, as he was told the Pennsylvania Reserves would kill all who fell into their hands. The colonel pacified him, and told him that he would not be harmed as a prisoner. Others had been told that they had only militia to fight, but when they heard our yell, and saw the Bucktails, they knew what kind of men to deal with, and were the more frightened, because they thought the Reserves were all killed off.

ENGLISH COURT GOSSIP.

English court gossip is thus given by a correspondent of the N. Y. Evening Post: "Princess Alice, they say, has the beauty, and Prince Alfred the brains, of the royal family. He is a lively, ambitious young man, no great admirer of his big brother, whose marriage he at first absolutely refused to attend. He was much disappointed because the great powers decided he should not be King of Greece, although the Greeks were crazy to have him. Prince Alfred's face shows that he has far more character than the Prince of Wales, and, personally, he is more of a favorite among the aristocracy. His younger brother, Arthur, is just coming into society, though not passed the awkward age. The Princess of Wales is regarded by the British aristocracy as a poor relative suddenly raised to eminence. She is courted and flattered to her face, and criticised behind her back. At Oxford the adulatory odes greeting the Prince alluded to his wife in absolutely sickening strains of flattery. Yet the Duchesses and Marchionesses think that the little lady is rather awkward, and compare her disadvantageously with the gem of the British royal family, the Princess Alice. Otherwise the Princess of Wales has as yet developed no special traits of character; but as she is accomplished and talented—far more so than her husband—there is no doubt that she will largely influence his future actions. Courtiers know this, and are already endeavoring to win her esteem."

Tinlined Lead Cisterns and Pipes.—At a late meeting of the Liverpool Chemists' Association, specimens of lead pipe and sheet lead, electro-plated with tin, were exhibited by Mr. Holt; and some discussion ensued respecting the use of lead coated in this manner for water cisterns and pipes. It appeared to be the opinion of the meeting that a coating of tin, instead of preserving the lead, was far more likely to ensure its more rapid corrosion; for if the coating of tin by any means happened to be scratched off, even to the slightest extent, galvanic action would take place, and the lead would be destroyed very quickly. Dr. Nevins and Dr. Edwards stated that their experiments had proved that such undoubtedly would be the case: Dr. Edwards remarking that in one case which he had examined, a cistern made of lead, in which was an accidental admixture of tin, was eaten out by well-water in six months, the lead being rapidly precipitated in the form of sulphate, &c.

An Elephant Story.—The Madras Examiner of the 16th of May is responsible for the following story:—

"An elephant was sent to Nagercoil, for the purpose of piling timber, by the Dewan, who requested the wife of the missionary residing there to be good enough to name the animal fed, and thus prevent its keeper from abstracting its food. It was therefore brought to the house *by* the puppet, and at first all went on correctly; but after a time it was suspected that the amount of rice was getting smaller and smaller; no one day the keeper was remonstrated with, and, of course, protested against the imputation of having taken it, adding, in true native parsimony, 'Madam, do you think I could rob my child?' The elephant looked most sagaciously, and at this stage of the proceedings quietly threw his trunk around his keeper, and untied his bulky waistcloth, when the missing rice fell to the ground."

A Repentant Rebel.—While our surgeons at Gettysburg were attending to the wounded as they were brought to the hospital, without regard to the side upon which they had fought, a rebel colonel, covered with blood, was ordered to be placed in a bath. He was lifted carefully in, and then, casting his eyes about him, upon those who had taken him up so tenderly, burst into a flood of tears, and wept like a child. Recovering himself, he said to those around him: "I hope I shall be forgiven for raising my hand against the stars and stripes, and if I recover from these wounds I will not only never do the like again, but try to make amends, so far as I can, for the wrong I have done."

☞ Whenever a new and startling fact is brought to light in science, people first say, "it is not true," then "it is contrary to religion," and, lastly, "that everybody knew it before."

"HOW ARE YOU?"

There has never been in these United States a time when the question, "How are you?" was more frequently asked than during the present summer. Whether you meet a friend on the fashionable promenade, or on the dirty pavement, the emphatic question is sure to be propounded. Adopting the fashion, we shall ourselves commence the season by asking, "How are you, Gentle Reader?" "How are you, Dear Public?" This latter question seems to be a favorite with the public, since the first we ever heard of it was in connection with some of the early campaigns on the Potomac, where the army was in the habit of asking each other every morning, "How are you, Yank?" "How are you, Butternut?" There are doubtless as many ways of asking this question as there are in coquetting, and what is the answer? How are you? is about as harmless a question of its popular predecessors in the world of slang, and it will probably continue to be used with considerable frequency, and with equal justice it seems to us, as any of the more quaint, jostles it aside and fascinates the fancy of the million.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Compromise Between Royalty and Punishment.—The University of Oxford having intimated to the Prince of Wales on the annual commencement this coming week, that he is to be called upon for the honorary degree of D.C.L. (Doctor of Civil Law, which Oxford alone can bestow) asked him for the name of any learned persons whom it desired to see similarly honored. In the list which he sent in was named the Rev. Charles Kingsley, his chaplain, lately his instructor in modern history at Cambridge, professor of history there, but better known as poet, historical novelist, and preacher. Dr. Pusey, of Oxford, objected so strongly to Mr. Kingsley on the ground of his presumed "rationalistic" views in the romance of "Hypatia," that the name was withdrawn. It was a poor singular that Dr. Pusey, founder of a party in the church which is not in the highest repute, would challenge the views of Kingsley's authority.—*Publisher's Circular.*

PROSPECTUS FOR 1866.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to enable them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

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MARION HARLAND,

Author of "Alone," "The Hidden Path," "Miriam," &c.

AND

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Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

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☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis.

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P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be entitled to a change, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice

THE LATE CAMPAIGN.

Mr. Crosby, correspondent of the N. Y. Times, in a letter from Frederick, Md., contributes many important generally unnoticed facts regarding the movement of the rebels into Maryland and Gen. Hooker's disposition to meet them. The following reviews the earlier part of the last campaign:

Comparing the former rebel invasions with those of the last campaign, and they differ almost into insignificance. The whole march of the Peninsula did not exceed one hundred and seventy-five miles. The average march of the several army corps, since leaving Fredericksburg, is two hundred and twenty-five miles. The Peninsula march occupied ninety-five days; that of the late campaign forty-five. The average distance of each day's march on the Peninsula, counting the non-marching days, was less than six miles; on the late campaign it was nineteen.

Starting from the old camps in the vicinity of Falmouth, and the Rappahannock, by the several army corps, up to the time of striking the Potomac at Williamsport, to as follows:

	Miles.		Miles.
11th Corps	214	3d Corps	220
12th Corps	220	5th Corps	220
1st Corps	220	6th Corps	220
1st Corps	210		
Average distance			225

Certain statements regarding the dispositions of the army after leaving Falmouth may be made now, which would have been improper at the time of their occurrence, but will be remembered that Gen. Hooker kept his headquarters in the vicinity of Fairfax Court House for fully a week, and during this time so disposed his forces as to stop any movement of the enemy upon Washington, either on the line through the mountains, or in front by way of Warrenton or Manassas.

These dispositions were: The 12th and 11th Corps at Leesburg; the 5th Corps at Aldie Gap, supported by the 3rd at Gum Spring, half way between Fairfax Court-House and Aldie; the 2nd at Thoroughfare Gap; the 1st Corps at Guilford Station, on the Hampshire Railroad, supporting the 11th and 12th at Leesburg; the 6th Corps at Fairfax Court-House, Centreville, and Bristol Station, through the rear. All these dispositions were made by the 18th of June, rendering Washington secure from attack, and placing the forces in excellent position, either to meet Lee's advance in any direction, or to pursue him into Maryland. It is worthy of note that for the next week a certain Secesh sheet in New York did not cease to howl at the commanding General for not making the very dispositions he had made a week before.

And just here, let me correct a popular misapprehension regarding the knowledge of the enemy's whereabouts at this time. Simply because the public was not regaled every day with bulletins from head-quarters, giving the exact location of Lee's army, it was generally conceived that we of the Army of the Potomac knew nothing concerning the enemy. Never was there a more egregious error, had it not been obviously improper, your correspondent could have given you a comparatively reliable statement almost every day, concerning the dispositions of the main body of the rebel army. The *attempted* strategy of Lee at this period has never been fully described. It is not, I believe, generally known, that while Blood's division of the 12th Corps was tardily pressing northward, Early's division of the same Corps, was held in abeyance on the Potomac, and Johnston's division of still the same Corps was closely camped in the neighborhood. The two army Corps of Longstreet and Hill lay for a whole week snugly crouched down beneath the western shadows of the Blue Ridge, on the banks of the Shenandoah, vigilantly guarding Ashby's and Snicker's Gaps with a heavy force, and unduly activity the whole of Stuart's cavalry to mask and conceal their position.

The first ten days of Lee's invasion was a mere *feint*—a mere diversion—in the hope of seeing Hooker's army swiftly rush northward through Pennsylvania in the wrong track of one small division, while the mass of the rebel army, passing suddenly down to Leesburg, could, in less than one day's march, cross the Potomac at Nolan's Ford, and place itself between the national army and Washington.

There is no feature of the campaign more positive than this, and Lee was completely out-generaled in its attempted execution. And yet the general commanding the Army of the Potomac at this time has been abused because he did not obey the behest of every frightened farmer in Pennsylvania, and rush to the protection of barnyards and stables.

In this army the matter of "invasion," is not, and never was, esteemed much of a calamity. The soldiers always argued many good results from it, and the *finale* of both attempts made by the enemy has fully justified the reasonings of the officers and men. "Invasion," said the soldiers, "will keep the Northern people thoroughly aroused and in regard to the war; it will kill the Copperheads; it will give our own people an idea of what war is; it will give us a great advantage in fighting on soil where we are accustomed, and where they are not; and it will reinspirit us, and enable us to give stronger battle at home than we could where every advantage of soil and people is on the side of the enemy." And the instincts of old soldiers seldom go astray.

When Lee had failed to induce Hooker to uncover Washington, he lost no time in pushing forward into Maryland. It is equally true of Hooker that he lost no time in pursuit. Withdrawing his army speedily from his fortified position in front of Washington, he crossed the river by the pontoon bridges at Edward's Ferry, and in two days placed it in the vicinity of Frederick, an average distance of fifty-two miles. At Frederick Gen. Hooker's career as commander of the Army of the Potomac came to a sudden termination.

☞ Little faults, no less than great crimes, can hide the light of heaven from the soul. Just breathe upon the glasses of a telescope, and the dew of your breath will shut out all the stars.

☞ One of the best uses of good not hackneyed quotation, beyond the purpose of quotation itself, is that it tends to make a man careful to write, as far as he can, up to the quality of his quotation.

☞ Good diet makes healthy children; and the South Sea Islanders think healthy children make good diet.

THE SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES.

A newspaper, it is said, has been made in Russia, where the materials used in the manufacture of blotting paper may be so hardened as to bid defiance to humidity, friction, or blows. The plate-glass thus produced may be used for windows, mirrors, furniture; and, the shrewd feeling seems pleased, by a company possess that any yet known, the glass is 10 or 20 per cent. cheaper than at present.

NAPOLEONISM.—Prince Napoleon is to have a good time, done by the General-in-Chief. Attack the enemy at once, and hold your opinion of "our afterwards." It is a plagiarism of Napoleon's; but we ought to be thankful for small favors.

THE General Yorktown correspondent says, that during the campaign of sixty-four days, ending with the capture of Vicksburg, the rebels lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, 42,000 men, about 71,000 stand of arms, including 50,000 Enfield rifles, in their original packages, which were landed for the rebel army across the Mississippi, and 226 pieces of artillery.

THE Pennsylvania State Teachers' Association will meet at Reading on the 4th, 5th, and 6th days of August.

GEN. MEADE'S mother, Margaret Butler, was from Chester county, Pennsylvania, some twenty-five miles west of Philadelphia, and was a neighbor and acquaintance of Miss Brinton, afterward mother of General McClellan. Meade's father was a valued and useful public officer, having been the means of our acquiring Florida from Spain.

THE correspondence from Bragg and Johnston's armies depict them in great destitution and greatly demoralized. They give up Jackson, Mississippi, and advise the citizens to stay and make the best terms possible.

THE scouts report that a majority of the planters in Mississippi are anxious that we should get possession of the country before Davis has time to conscript. Johnston's army is estimated not to exceed 30,000. Great consternation exists throughout the whole southern country.

GEN. MCCLELLAN is said to have replied to a petition from Governor Seymour, for a speech to quell the riot: "If I go up to the people as you ask them, it will not be with a speech, but with grape and canister." This is stated on authority of the New York Commercial Advertiser.

DURING the riot in Troy, Morrissey, the pugilistic fighter, took part against the rioters. The mob attacked the Troy House, and demanded that the negro waiters should be given up to them; "but," says a reporter, "they were informed by Morrissey that the negroes had all left, but himself, and he was at their service if they desired." This Hibernician closed the parley.

GEN. CANBY, who succeeded Gen. Brown in command of the forces of New York, has seen much service in New Mexico. He probably knows how to deal with savages.

MR. BLACKBURNE, now well known in Europe as a remarkable blindfold chess-player, has recently played twelve games at once, against as many players, at Manchester, England, before a large number of spectators. Six of the games were won by Mr. Blackburne, four by his opponents, and two were drawn.

ONE OF JEFF. DAVIS'S CHILDREN IN WISCONSIN.—The Oshkosh (Wis.) Northwestern says:—We have been informed on good authority that there is a child of Jefferson Davis, the President of the so called Southern Confederacy, now educating among the Stockbridge Indians, at their settlement in Shawnee county. Davis, it is well known, was stationed at Fort Winnebago some years ago, and there formed the acquaintance of the mother of the child, a Menomonee squaw.

AN anecdote is related of Gen. Logan. When he was a colonel at the commencement of the rebellion, six companies of his regiment, becoming aggrieved at something, stacked arms and refused to do duty. The adjutant informed Col. Logan of the difficulty, who, on hearing it, exclaimed, "stacked arms! The devil they have!" Then, passing a minute as he considered the authority of the adjutant: "Well, Adjutant, I'll give them enough of stacking arms." Accordingly he formed the remaining four companies in line with loaded muskets, and stood them over the malcontents, whom he compelled to stack and unstack arms for twelve hours.

HOOKER.—A personal friend and fellow-soldier of Gen. Hooker writes home:—"I give you my word that the stories about his drunkenness are utterly false. So far from being drunk at Chancellorsville, the fact is that when he was made insensible by the concussion of a cannot-shot against a column upon which he was leaning, and spirits were wanted for his use by the surgeon, not a drop could be found at his quarters, and it was long before it could be obtained."

THE Richmond Enquirer bewails the fact that the Federals, by their recent successes in the south-west, have got possession of the whole rolling stock of New Orleans, Jackson, and Great Northern, the Mississippi Central, and the Mississippi and Tennessee Railroads. They say the loss is incalculably important and irreparable, they losing at Jackson fifty locomotives, besides the cars, &c.

GREAT IMPOLITENESS OF ROSECRANS.—A Chattanooga rebel dispatch says that Gen. Bragg "would have fought the enemy at any time had they advanced upon him, but Rosecrans persistently continued to flank and outflank him, and no alternative was left but to fight him under great disadvantages, or retreat." Very impolite, that! Gen. Rosecrans ought not to act in that way.

BOUNTIES.—All drafted men, by the law, are entitled not only to the pay, but to the *bounties* of the volunteers. To end all questions upon the subject, we quote from the Act itself:

Sec. 11. *And be it further enacted*, That all persons thus enrolled shall be subject for two years after the first day of July succeeding the enrollment, to be called into the military service of the United States, and to continue in service during the present rebellion, not, however, exceeding the term of three years; and when called into service shall be placed on the same footing, in all respects, as volunteers for three years, or during the war, *including advance pay and bounty* as now provided by law.

☞ He who interferes between man and wife, must be prepared to fight *two*.

☞ We see it stated that after Vicksburg surrendered one of the rebel officers, (Gen. Lee, of South Carolina,) in order to display his spirit, opened a vein in his arm and wrote his parole with blood!

☞ A very remarkable cricket match was played at Sheffield, England, lately. Eleven wheelbarrow-legged veterans from Greenwich tantalized the game with eleven one-armed Chelsea pensioners. An immense number of people witnessed the match. Only the first innings was played on the first day, the Armless heading the scores by two.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market has been depressed and dull; sales reach 5000 bbls at 10c, mostly Ohio extra family at $6@6.50 for common to good ones; 1500 bbls Indiana and 1500 bbls New Western, part on terms kept private; 500 bbls Northwest do. at $6@6.50; 500 bbls extra Michigan at $6.75; 500 bbls do. at $6.87½; 500 bbls extra Ohio at $6.50@6.75; extra at $6.50@6.75 and light grades, do. at from $7.50 to $8.25 ₱ bbl. Rye flour comes in slowly; but the demand for it is limited, and the sale of 50 bbls at $4.50 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is scarce, and Penna. fresh meal is wanted at $4 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN.—There is not much Wheat coming in, and prices are 5@10c lower than last week. Sales of some 40,000 bus. chiefly Pennsylvania reds, at from $1.35 to $1.40 for fair to good and prime quality; some choice lots of new Southern sold at $1.47 @1.48, and inferior at $1.15@1.30. White ranges at from $1.40 to $1.60, as to quality. Rye comes in slowly and meets with a limited demand at $1.05 for Pennsylvania. Corn is lower, with large receipts of Western mixed, which have been sold to some extent at 83@77c, and yellow at 86@83c. Oats are also unsettled and lower, and only about 15,000 bus found buyers at 70@75c, weight. Of Barley and Malt the sales are limited and prices nominal at $1.20.

PROVISIONS.—The demand for Pork is limited, with small sales at $14@14.50 for new Mess, and old at $11.50@12 ₱ bbl, the latter for Prime. Bacon is quiet at $13@13½ ₱ bbl, the latter for city Mess. For Bacon the sales are mostly confined to Hams at 11¼c for plain and 12@12½c for bagged. Lard is firmer for family use, and 500 bbls Barrel are reported at 9¼c for old and 9¾@9¾c for new. Hides—Nothing doing. Green meats are quiet at 8½@9c for hogs, and 6@6½c for cows. Tallow is firm at 8½@8¾c. Lard is dull, and offered at 10¼@10½c for bbls and tierces, with sales of 400 tcs at the former figure; kegs are quoted at 11¾@12c, with small sales. Butter moves off as wanted at 14@18c for Pennsylvania and Ohio, and 20@23c for New York, the latter for choice lots. Cheese is more plenty, and selling at 9@10c ₱ lb. Eggs are lower and very dull, with sales at 10@12c ₱ doz.

COTTON.—There is very little doing; and sales are only limited to 50@60c for Middlings.

ASHES continue unsettled and dull, and the demand for both kinds very small.

BARK.—The demand for Quercitron is very limited and the sales limited at $60 for 1st No 1. Of Tanners' Bark prices range at $13@14 for Chestnut, and $17@18 ₱ cord for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX moves of as wanted, at about 45c ₱ lb.

COAL.—Orders come in slowly, and the market is very quiet. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton, $5.25@5.50; Prepared do $6.25@6.50; Red Ash do $5.50@5.75; Lehigh Lump do $5.50; Prepared do $6.50@6.75; by retail do $7.50@8; Schuylkill Peanut $3.50@4.

COFFEE.—The market continues bare. Sales are limited to a few small lots, mostly Rio, at 22@23c cash and 4 months.

COPPER.—There is nothing doing now in either Sheathing or Yellow Metal.

FEATHERS are selling at 48@50c ₱ lb, the latter for good Western.

FRUIT.—The sales are confined to green fruit, which is coming in more freely and brings fair prices.

HAY moves off as wanted at 90@100c the 100 lbs.

HEMP.—There is very little stock out of the hands of the manufacturers, and prices are unchanged.

HOPS continue dull, and the sales limited at 17@20c ₱ lb, the latter for 1st sort Western.

IRON.—The market is quiet. Sales of Pig Metal are limited to small lots within the range of $35@35 for the three numbers, the latter for good No 1, on time. Scotch Pig is held at the same figure, but none is offered from first hands; demand is small except for Ralls, which are scarce and wanted at $75@80, cash.

LEAD.—There is little or none here, and the market is unsettled and lower.

LUMBER.—There is more arriving and prices are unchanged, with further sales of White Pine timber at $21@24½, and Yellow Sap do at $22@23 ₱ M.

MOLASSES is dull, there is very little prime offering.

PLASTER comes in slowly, and meets with a fair demand at $4 for ground.

RICE.—There is very little offering or selling, and East India is dull at 8@8¼c ₱ lb.

SEEDS.—The offerings and sales of Clover-seed continue light, and prices nominal at $5.25 @5.75 ₱ bus. Timothy is also quiet, within the range of $2.25@2.75 ₱ bus. Flaxseed—there is no domestic here, and we quote it nominally at $2.25@2.50 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS.—Brandy and Gin are unsettled and lower and the demand is limited. New England Rum moves off as wanted at 65@67c. Whiskey —The demand is small and the market dull at 47@47½c for Penn's and Ohio bbls, and 45½c for drudge.

SUGAR.—There is more activity in the market, without any material change in prices; 600 hhds sold at 10¾@10¾c for grocery, 10¼@ 11c for grocery Cubas, and 11@12¼c for Porto Rico, on time; 126 hhds New Orleans sold by auction at 10¾@12¾c, and 55 bbls Porto Rico at 10¾@10¾c.

TALLOW is dull and lower, and rendered is offered at 10¾c ₱ lb, without sales.

WOOL.—There is no new feature in the market, and prices unchanged.

WOOL.—There is not much coming in; a few small lots having been disposed of 70@78c for fleece and 75@80c for full.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1537 head. The prices realized were from 8 to 11¼ cts ₱ lb. 109 Cows brought from $30 to 70 ₱ head. 7000 Sheep were sold at from 5 to 8½c ₱ lb gross. 600 Hogs at from $7.00 to 8.00 ₱ cwt net.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, July 25, 1863.

Alabama	50 dis.	Mississippi,	—
Canada,	44 prem.	Missouri,	5 dis.
Connecticut,	1 dis.	New Brunswick,	25 prem.
Delaware,	par.	New Hampshire,	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia,	— dis.	New Jersey,	par to 1 dis.
Florida,	— dis.	New York City,	1 dis.
Georgia,	60 dis.	New York State,	1 dis.
Illinois,	— dis.	North Carolina,	1 dis.
Indiana,	1 to 3 dis.	Nova Scotia,	17 prem.
Iowa,	— dis.	Ohio,	par to 1 dis.
Kansas,	— dis.	Pennsylvania,	par to 1 dis.
Kentucky,	1 dis.	Rhode Island,	1 dis.
Louisiana,	10 dis.	South Carolina,	20 dis.
Maine,	1 dis.	Tennessee,	10 dis.
Maryland,	1 to 1 dis.	Texas,	50 dis.
Massachusetts,	1 dis.	Vermont,	1 dis.
Michigan,	11 dis.	Virginia,	30 dis.
Minnesota,	—	Wisconsin,	2 dis.

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Published daily at correspondent throughout the United States, Canada, &c.

The remains of the late Mississippi have been recovered from the channel. Imperial artificial Teeth, Gold Crowns, Gold Plates, Gold Rings, Gold Chains, Gold Watches, Gold Pens, Gold Pencils, Gold Spectacles, Gold Bracelets, Gold Thimbles, Gold Lockets, Gold Studs, Gold Sleeve Buttons, Gold Scarf Pins, Gold Vest Chains, Gold Fobs, Gold Keys, Gold Seals, Gold Medals, Gold Coins, Gold Bullion, Gold Dust, Gold Quartz, Gold Ores, Gold Mines, Gold Mining Stocks, Gold Leaf, Gold Foil, Gold Wire, Gold Solder, Gold Filings, Gold Shavings, Gold Clippings, Gold Scrapings, Gold Sweepings, Gold Washings, Gold Amalgam, Gold Alloy, Gold Enamel, Gold Paint, Gold Ink, Gold Pencil Cases, Gold Pen Cases, Gold Pen Holders, Gold Pen Points, Gold Pen Nibs, Gold Pen Rings, Gold Pen Wipers, Gold Pen Cleaners, Gold Pen Racks, Gold Pen Trays, Gold Pen Boxes

BARKING AT MINISTERS.

A certain class of men in every community who pioneer in exciting at ministers, laboring to them unworthy motives, and indulging disheartening charges against their labors and lives. It would be well if they were sometimes put down by rejoinders like the following:—

Sterne, as exhibited as the author of Tristram Shandy, and the Sentimental Journey, was of Cambridge University; no model priest, but, as a clergyman, not likely to lose with indifference his whole fraternity insulted contemptuously. Being one day in a coffee-house, he observed a spruce, prepossessing young fellow at the fireside, who was speaking of the clergy in a mass, as a body of disciplined hypocrites and systematic hypocrites. Sterne got up, while the young man was haranguing, and approached toward the fire, patting and coaxing all the way a favorite little dog. Coming at length toward the gentleman, he took up the dog, still continuing to pat him, and addressed the young fellow—

"Sir, this would be the prettiest little animal in the world, had he not one defect."

"What disorder is that?" replied the young fellow.

"Why, sir," said Sterne, "one that always makes him bark when he sees a gentleman in black."

"That is a singular disorder," replied the young fellow; "pray, how long has he had it?"

"Sir," replied Sterne, looking at him with affected gentleness, "ever since he was a puppy!"

ALWAYS WENT DOUBLE CHARGED.

A good story is told of one George that far, who many years ago, lived in Portsmouth. Once he had been to Newcastle, gunning, and was coming home with his game bag empty, and weary, when he stopped at the toll-house for a moment's rest. Says he to the toll-keeper:

"There's a fine lot of ducks back here in the pond; what will you let me fire into them for?"

"Can't do it," responded the toll-man. "I don't want to have my ducks killed."

George put his gun in the toll-house, and walked back to take another look at the ducks. When he was gone, the toll-man, who was a wag, drew the shot from the barrel, and then replaced the gun. George returned, and then renewed the question.

"Well," said the toll-man, "though you are a good shot, I don't believe you could hurt them much. Give me a dollar, and you may fire."

The dollar was paid, and quite a party, who had gathered round, went back to witness George's discomfiture. He raised his gun, fired and killed nine of them.

"The deuce!" cried the toll-man. "I took the charge out of your gun."

"Yes," said George, "I supposed you would. I always go double charged."

NEITHER OF THEM.

A lady on entering a car, not long since, was struck by the familiar appearance of a lady near her. Concluding it was a friend she had not met for some years, she advanced cordially and proffered her hand.

"How do you do?"

"Why, is this you? I'm so glad to see you—I could kiss you on the spot!"

"Certainly. But it seems to me you are looking young; been married lately, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, you are improved wonderfully. Look ten years younger."

"Where are you living now?"

"In B——, at the old place of course."

"In B——! Why, is not your name Mrs. H——?"

"No indeed! But isn't your name Mrs. I——?"

"No!"

And as the Irishman said, "it proved to be neither."

THE MEDDLER.—"I don't see," said Mrs. Partington, as Ike came home from school, and threw his books into one chair and his jacket into another, and his cap on the floor, saying that he didn't get the medal; "I don't see, dear, why you didn't get the medal, for certainly a more meddlesome boy I never knew. But no matter; when the adversary comes round again you will get it." What hope there was in her remark for him! And he took courage, and one of the old lady's doughnuts, and sat wiping his face on a clean stocking that the dame was preparing to darn that lay by her side.

TIMELY WIT.—A priest, proceeding to the chapel one Sunday morning through the burial-ground, observed several sprightly girls seated on a tombstone, and wishing to be jocular with them, asked what they were doing there.

"Resting at all, please your reverence," was the reply of one of them.

"Nothing," said he, "why that is nothing!"

"Then open your countenance," retorted one of the girls, "and you'll see it all."

☞ ARMORIAL.—A railroad is soon to be constructed in the Cumberland mountains.

SOCIAL LIFE IN ENGLAND.

It is a marked feature of social life in England, and certainly one of its special charms, that mothers and daughters are so uniformly kind together in their own family. Not only is the mother the first lady to whom you are introduced at the house where you visit, but mistress of the ceremonies throughout; not only does she preside at the dinner-table, but in the evening party she sits as queen. Whatever may be your first impressions of such an arrangement—if it happens that your sympathies are with the younger ladies—you will very soon learn to think that the mother's absence would be very decidedly regretted by the daughters. As a picture all must admit the arrangements to be perfect. The portly form and eminently dignity of the mother are in exquisite foil to the youthful beauty and sudden coyness of the daughters. And you will find nothing to mar, but everything to enhance the interest of the picture. The mother's presence never seems to operate as an unwelcome restraint. Between her and the daughters you will mark the most joyous, playful, loving freedom, without the sacrifice of a little parental dignity and authority on the one hand, or of sweet and graceful filial duty on the other. It may be said of English families generally, that these two things are eminently characteristic, to wit, uniform parental authority, and the most charming freedom of intercourse between parents and their children.

You cannot visit an English family in a familiar way without discovering what will possibly surprise you, that a deep dislike of ceremony and state is a very marked characteristic of an English woman. This feature is strongest in those highest in rank, and has been a marked feature in the character of the queen herself from her girlhood. Now that she is a widow, and her children are growing to the stature of manhood and womanhood, and leaving their home forever, how delightful to recall the sweet pictures of her early married life, when she so much loved to saunter, with her noble husband, over the beach, near their beautiful house, in the Isle of Wight, and to watch those then little children, as they amused themselves with trying to find two pebbles of the same shape, or dig wells in the sand with their tiny wooden spades. Was she not a great deal happier amid those sweet domestic scenes than when surrounded with glittering nobility on the grand state occasions.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Of all the prayers that test my faith,
This is the hardest one,
To gaze on that dear face in death,
And say, "Thy will be done."
In the wild struggle nature fails
And sinks affrighted down;
A mortal grief o'er our faith prevails—
The cross obscures the crown.

So fast upon the pale, sweet clay,
Came down my blinding tears,
They veiled awhile his shining way
To the celestial spheres.
Oh, Thou who hast, with hand unseen,
Removed the loved to Thee,
Come now with helping grace between
The little child and me!

Agricultural.

NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN CAVALRY.

We are often told by writers in the newspapers, and by people in conversation, that the horses in the Southern cavalry are superior to those in our army—also that the South during many years has paid particular attention to the raising of horses adapted to the race, while on the contrary at the North such horses have been neglected, and trotting horses, or else large animals for agricultural use have been preferred. True in part, but the annals of the turf show that Northern horses have beat the Southern, even in speed as well as trotting, and they certainly are their equal, if not more than equal, in their power of endurance. Indeed this was all admitted at the South previous to the rebellion. If they wanted to improve their stock of horses, they sent North for the material; if a wealthy planter wished nice, elegant horses for carriage or family use, he went or sent North to buy them. Indeed comparatively few horses were raised in the slave states, excepting Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee and Texas.

A wealthy Texan who is a brother of the present Governor of that state, told me that he had spent the summer of 1859 at the North, for the purpose of selecting the best breed or blood of horses and cattle, to improve the stock of his own state. He visited the best reputed stock owners in the North, including the states of Virginia and Kentucky, and attended several state fairs, devoting six months of time to the object he had in view, which was to obtain the very best. He finally selected some Morgan horses from Vermont or New York, and I believe a few other horses from the same states, and some cattle from Kentucky. Doubtless many inferior horses have been bought and accepted for the government by dishonest or incompetent contractors. An inspector told me that he was offered $500 extra by an agent if he would accept an entire lot of 500 horses which said agent had bought for the government. The inspector refused the bribe, and rejected 200 of the horses.

Notwithstanding all this, the chief reason of the superiority of the horses in the Southern service is, that they are generally *owned by their riders*, and in cases where they are not thus backed, their owners are in the same company or regiment, to see that their horses are rode *carefully*, and that they are well fed, and cleaned at night and before mounting, that the blankets are evenly and smoothly fixed beneath the saddles, so as not to hurt the back of the horse. Let these important items to the comfort and well being of the horse be *properly done*, and there are comparatively few horses which will not do every needed army service, and keep in good condition.

At the South, riding and travelling on horseback is, or lately was, much in vogue, and more especially is all the region not intersected by railroads; but they rarely urge the horse to a greater speed than a fast walk, or a moderate pace, the last being preferred and considered the easiest. Thus moving they will average from thirty to forty miles per day for weeks, and even months in succession, with little or no damage to the horse. If I remember right, our cavalry have not averaged such a speed in any of their raids. If the reported scarcity of grain and forage at the South be true, it is probable that their cavalry will be less efficient this year than last, unless they succeed in obtaining supplies from the Northern states, which they are now attempting.

Let us see how the horses in the Army of the Potomac are used generally; of course there are exceptions, but I believe them to be comparatively few. Uncle Sam owns the horses, and Uncle Sam's boys, old and young, officers, surgeons, privates and contrabands, think that he is rich enough to buy them all another horse whenever required. So they gallop up hill and down hill, and very often this gallop is increased to a run, as I have witnessed at Aquia, through the sands of the Potomac, or over the hills in that vicinity. Even in the city of Washington, persons have been in danger of being over run by these fast riders. I remember once last winter to have seen two ladies thus imperilled by a horse spurred at a run by a soldier. The shrieks of the ladies stopped the horse, and as soon as they had escaped, he was spurred onward at his former speed, his rider being apparently angry at the check which his momentum had received, which threw him on the neck of the horse, and nearly into the street.

When I first arrived at Washington, several months ago, I supposed those fast men on horseback were bearers of important dispatches, and that some great military movements were in progress, but all remained quiet in the army, and I soon learned that this go-ahead-ativeness on horseback was a mere army custom.

It is this unnecessary fast riding, and the want of proper care when the horse is unsaddled, which has killed and disabled thousands of horses in the Army of the Potomac. As a proof that this is so, take the example of the 3d Indiana cavalry, whose men *own* their horses, and consequently feel a personal interest in having them well fed and properly cared for, nor do they without reason, ride on a gallop or a run on every frivolous occasion. Their horses are now in as good condition, with very few exceptions, as when they entered the service, nearly two years ago. I was recently told by an intelligent private of this regiment, that their dead and disabled horses amounted to less than fifty, besides which a small number (about 20) had been captured by the rebels. There is, I believe, but one other regiment in the United States service, where the ownership of the horse is vested in their riders, and this is from Pennsylvania.

Every large owner of horses, and all livery-stable men know the treatment which their horses generally receive from those to whom they are entrusted for use, even for a short time, and Uncle Sam's horses fare much worse, because the old gentleman is rich and easy, nor does he even force payment from those who kill his horses by sheer abuse. To the horse race, including the mule, he is a hard master, for he permits them to be killed by hard usage and neglect by thousands. Their [carcasses] abound and taint the air of all places occupied by our armies. A gentleman connected with Buford's brigade told me on the 12th instant, that there were 1,101 dismounted men belonging to it at Dumfries, in Virginia, waiting for a fresh supply of horses, in order to move. Yes, we had thousands of men belonging to the cavalry without horses at the very time when the rebel cavalry was entering Maryland and Pennsylvania on the raid now progressing.—S. B. BUCKLEY, *in Country Gentleman, June 18, 1863.*

COFFEE-GROWING IN VERMONT.—Dr. J M. Currier, of Newport, has Java coffee growing in his garden, and declares that it is less susceptible to frost than beans, tomatoes, or corn.

So says some of our exchanges, and is just like the rest of the stuff on this and the growing of a newly-discovered tea-plant in this state. One would suppose from the foregoing that coffee was a vegetable, instead of a tree, sometimes growing fifteen or twenty feet in height. Do beans, tomatoes and corn stand out all winter? What a comparison to make! We have seen coffee trees growing in the open ground here in Germantown, and they stood the (summer) weather just as well and a little better than the aforesaid vegetables; but they were kept in a green house for at least six months in the year!—*Germantown Telegraph.*

THE POWER OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS.—In animals there is more variety of motion, but in plants there is more real power. A horse is certainly far stronger than a man, yet a small vine can not only support, but can raise a column of fluid five times higher than a horse can. Indeed, the power which a plant exercises of holding a leaf erect during an entire day, without pause and without fatigue, is an effort of astonishing vigor, and is one of many proofs that a principle of compensation is at work, so that the same energy which in the animal world is weakened by being directed to many objects, is in the vegetable world strengthened by being concentrated on a few.—*Buckle.*

TO PREVENT HOG CHOLERA.—Prof. J. B. Turner sends the following to the Prairie Farmer:—Take one peck of ashes, four pounds of salt, one pound of black antimony, seven pounds of copperas, one pound of sulphur, one-quarter or one-eighth of a pound of saltpetre. Pound the ingredients fine and mix them well, and keep them constantly in a trough by itself; and each hog will eat what he needs of the medicine from day to day. If predisposed to cholera, they will eat it much more freely than if wholly well; and at such times the expense will be considerable.

TO KEEP BUTTER COOL WITHOUT A CELLAR.—A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator says:—"Cover the bottom of a large jar with coarse salt. Put the butter in a bag, place it in the jar and cover it with coarse salt; place the jar in a north room, and the salt will keep the butter nearly as cool, through the summer, as a common cellar."

VERY RUDE.

FIRST RUDE BOY.—"I wonder whether that's his pappy's hat?"
SECOND RUDE BOY.—"I know that's his mammy's silk umbreller."

DESTRUCTION OF SPRINGS by Cutting off Woods and Timbers from the Tops of Hills.

To ignorant Asiatics, the failing of springs is attributed to the wrath of certain divinities provoked by the invasion of their sacred retreats; but Europeans, looking up to the neighboring hills, discover in their naked and barren tops the true cause of the phenomenon. Lord Bacon, who had inquired into most things, was, as he tells us, assured by "a sober man" that artificial springs may be created among the foldings of hills. It is only necessary, he says, to dig a hole about five or six feet deep, to cover it partly at top with a stone slab, and then to shelter the whole from the sun's rays, with boughs, bushes, reeds, and sand. Gradually the rain that falls will percolate towards the pit, which in a short time will become a source of living water. To accelerate the process, and perhaps to insure its success, the whole of the neighboring eminences should be densely planted with bushes and trees, and sown with mosses, which would speedily create not one, but many springs.

In certain parts of the East, nature almost seems weary of generating fountains for the lazy inhabitants. As far back as the seventeenth century, a Persian nobleman, conversing one day with a European traveller, assured him that within a comparatively few years no less than four hundred springs had failed in the small province over which he ruled. It never occurred to him that by such a statement he was accusing himself of gross ignorance or criminal neglect, since he saw the materials of fountains daily removed from the heights, where they had flourished for ages, to heat the ovens, or, in the kitchens of the wealthy, to roast kids and lambs for their sustenance. When there existed a government in the land worthy of the name, things were very different: then groves were planted on eminences; then the banks of streams were fringed with woods; then the crests of chains and ridges gloried in their primeval forests, which sheltered beasts of the chase, and formed the favorite resort of the intrepid hunter and of the meditative sufi. Low down on the slopes of the hills, lovely orchards and rosegardens charmed the sight, with rills flowing between them, and bearing to mosques and pleasure-houses those refreshing ablutions in which the children of the Prophet so greatly delight. All the larger tributaries of the Tigris and Euphrates bore copious contributions to those mighty streams.

RATS IN HEN HOUSES.—Pouring coal tar into their holes, taking care to rub plenty of tar on the edges of the holes, succeeds admirably. Should their holes be in that position as to prevent the pouring of the tar, rubbing the sides as I have stated will answer. The rat is naturally a very cleanly little animal and abhors the offensive and sticky nature of coal tar. Whenever mortar is used coal tar should be well mixed with it, which will prevent their nibbling another hole.

Useful Receipts.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—Take three or four quarts of raspberries, put them in a stone crock and cover them with vinegar. Let them stand twenty-four hours. Then strain this juice through a jelly-bag and pour it on to fresh berries, letting this stand another day. Repeat this process until you have the quantity you desire. Add to each pint of juice one pound of sugar. Put it into a preserving kettle and allow it to heat sufficiently to melt the sugar. When it is cold put it into bottles. It will keep several years.

PERMANENT INK FOR MARKING LINEN.—Take of lunar caustic (now called nitrate of silver,) one drachm; weak solution of tincture of galls, two drachms. The cloth must be wetted first with the following liquid, viz: salt of tartar, one ounce; water, one ounce and a half, and it must be made perfectly dry before it is written upon.

CURE FOR BURNS.—A retired medical practitioner writes to the Times stating that a paint composed of chalk, linseed oil and vinegar, applied to burns and scalds has, during a forty years' test, proved the best remedy, both as to relief from pain and effecting a speedy cure.

CLEANING TINWARE.—Acids should never be employed to clean tinware, because they attack the metal and remove it from the iron of which it forms a thin coat. We refer to articles made of tin plate, which consists of iron covered with tin. Rub the article first with rotten-stone and sweet oil, the same as recommended for brass, then finish with whitening and a piece of soft leather. Articles made wholly of tin should be cleaned in the same manner. In a dry atmosphere planished tinware will remain bright for a long period, but they soon become tarnished in moist air.

APPLE PUTTAGE.—Take ripe apples carefully pared and cored, and put them in layers in a stone or earthen jar alternately with layers of sugar. If the apples are sweet, a little lemon or quince intermingled will give it a better flavor. Cover the whole with wheat paste or dough, and place the jar in the oven for baking. Let it remain all night, and it will make a delicious dish for breakfast.

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 41 letters.

My 32, 14, 8, 10, 37, 4, 35, was a great lawgiver, who flourished in the beginning of the 7th century.

My 38, 20, 30, 11, 27, 16, 26, 21, 36, 40, was the name of a battle in the Revolutionary War.

My 24, 6, 9, 12, was a Roman Emperor, under whom was the first persecution of Christians.

My 33, 7, 15, 28, was the name of a Queen of England.

My 9, 34, 7, 1, 4, 39, 13, 31, was a famous battle in the Revolution.

My 26, 23, 29, 25, 22, 19, 40, was a King of England who succeeded Edward the Martyr.

My 28, 10, 35, 27, 37, 31, 39, headed the army of the Turks against the first Crusade.

My 35, 10, 7, 40, 11, 12, 6, 39, 23, 26, 31, 39, 18, originated the "Stamp Act."

My 17, 4, 39, 26, 25, 16, 26, 40, was an early King of England.

My 15, 16, 26, 24, 21, where a famous council convened.

My 41, 15, 36, 10, 9, 15, 16, 39, 19, was the most renowned King of Egypt.

My whole is the translation of a question asked in the Eneid.

Holland Academy. ALTAMONT.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in show, but not in fair.
My 2nd is in know, but not in care.
My 3rd is in ice, but not in hair.
My 4th is in stalk, but not in ear.
My 5th is in mock, but not in sneer.
My 6th is in dock, but not in pier.
My 7th is in play, but not in fun.
My 8th is in pay, but not in dun.
My 9th is in weigh, but not in ton.
My 10th is in sow, but not in rump.
My 11th is in know, but not in keep.
My 12th is in do, but not in sheep.
My 13th is in great, but not in small.
My 14th is in gate, but not in hall.
My 15th is in hate, but not in gall.
My 16th is in stow, but not in hide.
My 17th is in row, but not in ride.
My 18th is in flow, but not in glide.
My 19th is in boat, but not in sail.
My 20th is in coat, but not in mail.
My 21st is in most, but not in jail.
My 22nd is in you, but not in me.
My 23rd is not in two, but in three.
My 24th is not in yew, but in tree.
My 25th is in low, but not in high.
My 26th is in bow, but not in tie.
My 27th is in slow, but not in fly.
My whole were the words of Franklin.

JOS. S. ROSS, Jr.
Richmond Place, Cincinnati.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am about to purchase a piece of land, in the form of a triangle, the courses and distances of which are as follows: first North 42 degrees 30 minutes West, 56 chains; thence due South, distance not known; thence North 46 degrees 45 minutes East, to the place of beginning. Required—the area of the piece of land?

E. M. WETMORE.
Clifton, Kings Co., N. B.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A, B and C purchased a grindstone 40 inches in diameter, 4 inches thick at the outer edge, and 6 inches thick in the centre (at the eye); how much of the diameter must each grind down to get an equal share? and how many cubic inches are in the stone, allowing 3 inches square in the centre for the waste?

MORGAN STEVENS.
Round Grove, Scott Co., Iowa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ EXAMINATION IN NATURAL HISTORY.—Why does the fish-hawk build its nest in a tree? Ans.—Because it can always find a perch there.

☞ What is the difference between a pawnbroker's customer and a political speech-maker? Ans.—One spouts to live and the other lives to spout.

☞ What is the difference between a summer dress in winter and an extracted tooth? Ans.—One is too thin (*tooth in*), the other tooth out.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

ENIGMA.—United States Christian Commission. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—"Strike while the iron is hot." RIDDLE.—The Saturday Evening Post.

Answer to John J. Isenberger's PROBLEM, published June 20th.—The piece of land will contain 606960 acres.—E. Hagerty, Baltimore; R. Vasey, Ill.; L. C. Mann, Ohio; N. Owen, N. Y.; Uncle William, Pope's Creek; and Ecolier, Ohio.

We have received from D. Diefenbach answers to the several PROBLEMS published since May 16th, which agree with those already given.

ED. RIDDLER.

☞ A braying donkey, however stupid he may look, is unquestionably an *ass-tute* animal.